THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1755

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

SEPT. 9 1933

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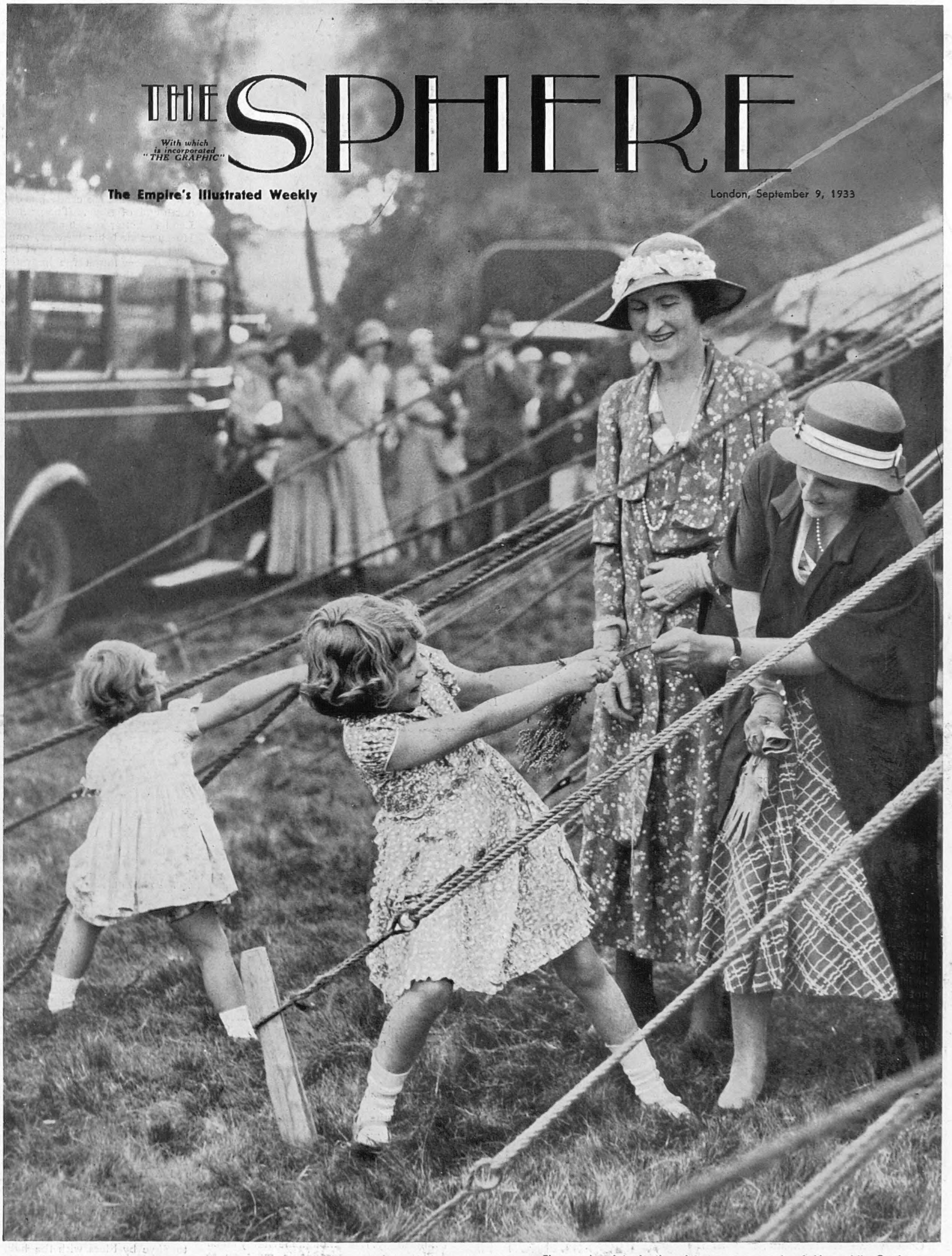
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 9, 1933



# PRINCESSES AT PLAY

## The Daughters of the Duke and Duchess of York at Abergeldie Castle Fête

The garden fete in the picturesque grounds of Abergeldie Castle, near Balmoral, attracted visitors from all parts of Aberdeenshire on Tuesday, when the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, acted as stallholders. The fête was in aid of Crathie Parish Church where the Royal family frequently attend service during their annual stay in Scotland. While the Queen and the Duchess were besieged by a crowd of women buyers, never fewer than six or eight rows deep, the little princesses, in pink and white pattern dresses, proved no less expert in the art of salesmanship as they dispensed sprigs of white and purple heather. Later, as our picture shows, they enjoyed a delightful game round one of the big marquees. Princess Margaret Rose is seen busying herself with one of the tent ropes, while her elder sister, Princess Elizabeth, indulges in a tug-of-war with a sprig of heather from her stall. Her aunt, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, sister of the Duchess of York, is presumably refereeing the tussle

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

A VETERANS' CHURCH PARADE: Standard bearers of the British Legion passing the saluting post during last Sunday's combined service with the Chelsea Pensioners at the Royal Hospital. Sir Ian Hamilton (right), who inspected, afterwards gave an address and referred to the fact that he had arrived in London without his medals. "I was too ashamed to come on parade like a half-plucked chicken," he said, "so I borrowed the medals I am wearing from the Governor of Chelsea Hospital."

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 6, 1933.

THE VITAL NECESSITY—SOCIALISM!—The political speakers of the week were all agreed—to whatever party they adhered—that dictatorship, whether fascist or communist, won't do in this country, and that bloody revolution is to be deplored and avoided. So far, so good, But Sir Stafford Cripps—who has seen the wisdom of re stating his political creed—and several other Socialist orators seem quite certain that "a change to Socialism" can alone save this country. What an extraordinary expression that is, considered calmly! "A change to Socialism"—it is as if the past twenty years had never been. It is indeed to suggest that time has stood still since 1832. For what in Heaven's name has been the colour of all the major legislative reforms since the War, if not Socialistic? What these Socialist speakers mean, of course, is that this tremendous Socialistic legislative drive must be continued with Socialist ministers enjoying the sweets of office. And on this point the country is not unanimous. Two Socialist Governments brought the country to the verge of ruin. In the blessed relief from non-party government we have come to learn the appalling havoc which the party system of government has wrought in our time, and a sane element in the race is resolved to cling to National Government.

SOCIALISM AS BEFORE.—As for the policy of Socialism we are all agreed that it must continue energetically as it proceeded under recent Conservative Governments, and as it now proceeds swiftly under National Government. There is not a measure recently passed or contemplated which is not purely Socialistic. The whole organization and structure of our country to-day is founded on democratic Socialism. I defy any man to point to a measure which can be called retrograde or conservative or a throw-back to oligarchy. I believe that the existence of the excellent Mr. Norman—whose character and aspirations are misunderstood because he is so elusive—is the chief obstacle to the acceptance by the whole nation of the fact that this is a Socialist State. If Mr. Norman took to golf we should hear less about the nationalization of the banks. Let us by all means continue our Socialistic policy—from slum clearance to industrial reconstruction—but let us do so under non-party direction, even if thereby the careers of half-a-dozen ambitious young politicians are sacrificed to the common weal. Another Socialist Government will be the end of us.

A BRILLIANT OUTRAGE.—The fat has been so long in the fire between Austria and Germany that the latest outrage by followers of Hitler at Innsbruck may not perhaps even now make things hotter than they are, though the situation is complicated by the escape into Italian territory of rescuers and rescued. The question of extradition might well add fuel to the fire, having regard to Dr. Dollfuss's recent conversations with Mussolini and the latter's dislike of German intervention in Austrian affairs. While Hitler continues to go from personal triumph to triumph, his hothead followers undo the good which their leader's personal magnetism achieves. It is ever thus with dictators. Without a following they cannot attain to power. With it, uncontrollable as such followings must always be while the dictator is digging himself in, he cannot retain power for long except by a miracle. Hitler must curse his hot-heads, but if he is, as surely all dictators are, a boy at heart, he must secretly revel in the brilliance of the device whereby Innsbruck gaol was robbed of its prisoner. Rudolf Rassendyll, or Rupert, for that matter, could not have done better in Zenda.

A RECORD FRUIT HARVEST.—And now, having chronicled the holidays of others, my own turn comes, and for once I quit my own garden for the Highlands with a curious regret. For of all seasons of the year I love best the fruit harvest, and of all simple joys I prize best that harvest feeling when one fills the apple-room to bursting, bottles plums, makes jam of blackberries, and generally lays up treasure against the winter. How could I have guessed that this carnival year of sunshine would extend till September and would produce such a fruiting as the oldest inhabitant cannot parallel? But so it is. Our old orchard is largely a wilderness of willowherb, punctuated at regular intervals by gnarled and long sterile fruit trees. This year some that have never been known to bear are loaded down with red apples; plum trees have discovered themselves to our delighted eyes by their huge burdens of purple (and delicious) plums. Old stumps are studded all over with pears. Barren fig trees on barn and cottage and garden walls are thick with succulent figs, the hedges are a wall of blackberries, and the hedgerows scarlet with haws. Not to speak of the nuts, nor of the myriad bunches of little purple sour grapes which have incredibly pulled down the branches of ornamental vines which never yet bore fruit. We have not the strength nor the means of utilizing this incredibly bounteous harvest; but none the less I hate to miss those golden hours of harvesting; for in middle age I find the joy of getting something for nothing grows on me amazingly. And though inevitably much of this year's cornucopia must go to waste, I would rather be gathering it than sitting in a butt waiting to destroy another man's grouse.

DUNVEGAN IN SKYE.—Dunvegan Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of York will stay on September 11 as guests of MacLeod, is one of the most remarkable houses in the kingdom. It has been the home of the chieftain of MacLeod time out of mind, and actually has a thousand years of history as a home of some sort. Until "the other day" it had no entrance door except from the sea, into which on a rocky plateau the castle juts out at the north end of Skye. The present MacLeod is better known as Sir Reginald. He succeeded his brother, one of the most picturesque survivals of the past. I shall never forget the impression left on me by the sight of him in his old-fashioned kilt and plaid welcoming a party from the top of the steep steps which lead into the castle. The Duke and Duchess will see many treasures inside. First, the fairy flag of the MacLeods, a curious cobweb which has been preserved since time began and with which the fortunes of the house are linked. Second, Dr. Johnson's *Collins* or letter of thanks for his visit paid during his famous tour with Boswell, who was related to the rival chief of Skye, MacDonald of Sleat and Armadale. Thirdly, many most curious relics of the old life at St. Kilda, which island the MacLeods owned till recently and once used as a prison for unwanted relatives. These relics include a wickered bottle, once the postman of St. Kilda.

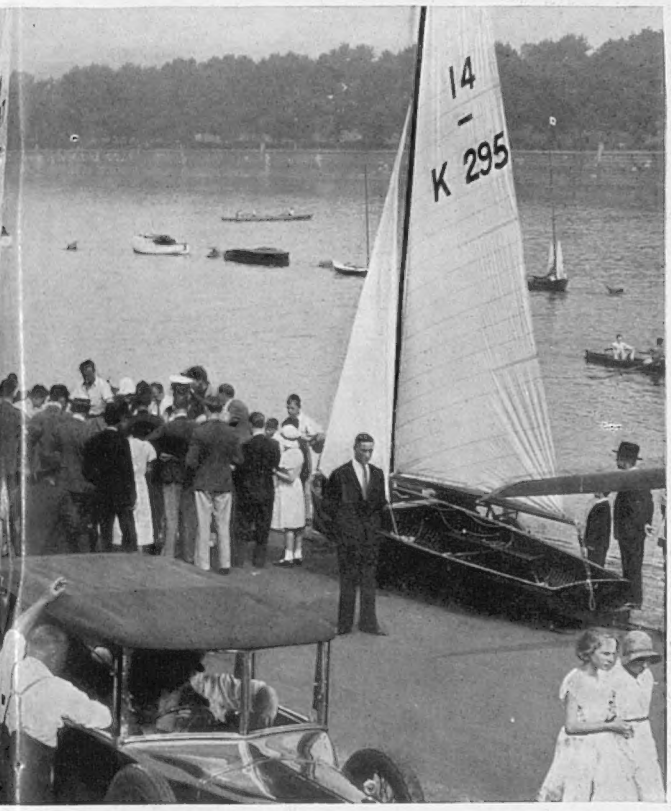
AN INTERNATIONAL DINGHY RACE took place on the Thames at Putney last Sunday Sailing Club. The above picture was taken on the towing

100 PER CENT. ROMANCE.—There are rellcs also of Flora MacDonald, who lies buried in Skye in the sheet in which "her Prince" slept as the guest of Lady MacDonald. No doubt the Royal tourists will visit sad Armadale, overlooking the Sound of Sleat. It still belongs to Lord MacDonald, no longer "of the Isles." And the story will be told again to them of how that other Prince in 1746 was carried by boat from Benbecula to Skye by Flora with the help of her cousin or "rugged retainer" (as the Romances have it), Niel MacEacharn, who lived to marry in France and to become the father of a Duke and Marshal of France—MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum.

TRACER BULLETS.—I look with suspicion on gadgets and devices to make game shooting a still more mechanically organized business than it is. American tenants wisely learned the business by employing expert instructors as their loaders in the butts, both to

direct their aim and to control their tendency to shoot beyond the sacred angle of safety. Then one or two of them turned their thoughts towards tractor vehicles for killing time and space and transporting guns and cartridges to the far beats. Mercifully the hills beat them and pony transport is still supreme. The latest device is the tracer cartridge, containing a tracer bullet among the shot which, driven out with the charge, indicates the error by means of a smoke trail. My own experience goes to show that nobody will ever learn to shoot by mathematical correction. The shooter who starts by "drawing a bead" on his bird can never hope to succeed in quick shooting. It is a matter of hand, eye and brain combination, brought to fruition by footwork and an instinctive forward swing as the trigger is pulled. But a tracer bullet may well prove a useful check and damning evidence against dangerous shooting.

**SWAN SONG AND ITS SINGER.**—The last Grand Jury—in all probability—was empanelled last week at London Sessions and by a happy chance a notable poet was among the nineteen jurors sworn. Thus Mr. John Drinkwater has to his hand an obvious subject for a great epic. The only possibility henceforth of reviving the Grand Jury will be in the case of a trial for treason under an Act of Henry VIII, or for a crime committed in overseas plantations under an Act of William III. Mr. Drinkwater's epic will cover almost exactly 1,000 years of English history, from Ethelred II to George V, and all through our checkered history the value of the Grand Jury System as a safeguard against injustice and tyranny has been proved to the hilt. It is not economy of time or money, but the existence of the Court of Criminal Appeal which is really responsible for the death of our oldest judicial safeguard. I can conceive no more wonderful and broad theme than such an epic, which provides indeed a survey of our national character, history social and political, fashion changes, habits of thoughts, evolution of law and social morality, and all things material in the development of our race since our history began.




when 14 ft. boats competed for a trophy put up by the Ranelagh path just before the start of the event

**THREE SHY MEN.**—Loathing publicity and honestly determined to avoid it by every means in their power, three men, when fame first came to them, decided to hide from the publicity fiends and to shun the limelight like the plague. To-day these three men dispute the title of Chief News Item with the leading film stars. They are Sir James Barrie, Colonel Lawrence, and Colonel Lindbergh—and I am certain that no three men were ever more genuine in their first detestation of limelight. But in spite of their planned avoidance of the race of reporters, they are to-day the easiest and favourite prey of newspaper men. Their devices worked like a charm and brought them the publicity for which aspirants of the film pine. Sir James's elaborate and fantastical humour on all occasions fills columns in the Press, and all too often loses most of its point in the process. "Barrie and Royalty," "Barrie in the nursery," "Sir James on cricket," "Sir James and his feathered friends," "Sir James fishing." It is Barrie for breakfast and Barrie for tea. As for Colonel Lawrence, he even changed his name, jumped from his own world into the frying-pan of one branch of the service and thence into the fire of another—and the reporters were on to him instantly. Finally, Colonel Lindbergh. He at least is still a shy man, and Fate has ordained that the cruel searchlight shall lay bare his most intimate affairs and incidentally throw in his way many glittering prizes of a material kind. It seems that the notable who really desires to shun publicity must think again. It is no manner of use affecting shyness. Far better to hire a highly-paid publicity agent.

THE OLD STAGER

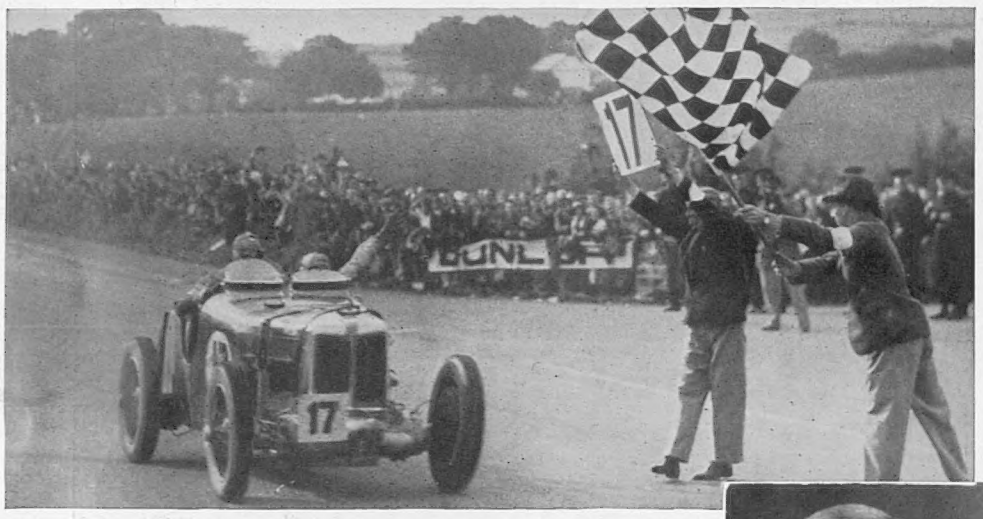
THE ROYAL FAMILY IN SCOTLAND: The King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, and Princess Elizabeth (sitting between her grandparents) leaving Crathie Church for Balmoral after last Sunday's service

CRICKET'S FINALE: Sir Paul Lathom (third from left) and Lady Patricia Lathom (second from right) with some of the guests they have been entertaining during the Scarborough festival

PRESENTING HIS BRIDE: The Earl and Countess of Warwick receiving their guests at last week's reception in the Great Hall of Warwick Castle. Since the middle of July, when the Earl and Countess were married at the little Parish Church of Glynde, Sussex, the couple have been honeymooning on the Continent

# FROM all QUARTERS

AN ANGLO-ITALIAN TRIUMPH: T. Nuvolari, the Italian crack racing driver, being congratulated by his wife after a great victory in the International Tourist Trophy Race over the Ards Circuit, Belfast. The winner, who was driving a British car for the first time in his life, completed the gruelling 486-mile course in 5 hr. 56 min. 34 sec. at an average speed of 78.65 m.p.h.



THE FLAG OF VICTORY: T. Nuvolari driving his M.G. Magnette over the finishing line at the end of his successful bid for the Tourist Trophy. This is his second victory over the course as he won the event in 1930 in an Alfa-Romeo

BRITISH WEEK IN FINLAND: Squadron-Leader Johnstone, who travelled with the R.A.F. contingent of four seaplanes, being greeted on arrival at Helsingfors by the British military attaché. British week was formally opened on September 4

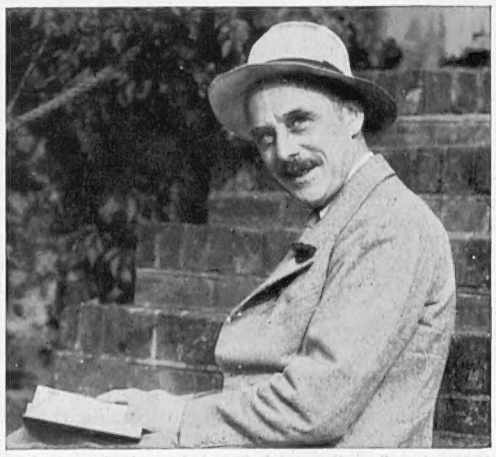
MR. BERNARD H. J. BURGE, the 38-year-old magistrate of the Midnapore district who was assassinated last week

PROFESSOR THEODOR LESSING, who was murdered in Marienbad by a member of the Nazi party

LIEUT.-CMDR. KENWORTHY, whose autobiography, *Sailors, Statesmen, and Others*, has just appeared

SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT: Captain von Gayer Scheppenburg, the German military attaché, chatting with a French attaché at Upton Grey during last week's march to Salisbury Plain where the principal "battles" in connection with this year's manœuvres are being fought

THE HON. ALEXANDER MONTAGU CADOGAN, C.M.G.: Appointed this week to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Peking



SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS: The Secretary of the Empire Marketing Board, who has been appointed head of the publicity and newspaper advertising sections of the Post Office

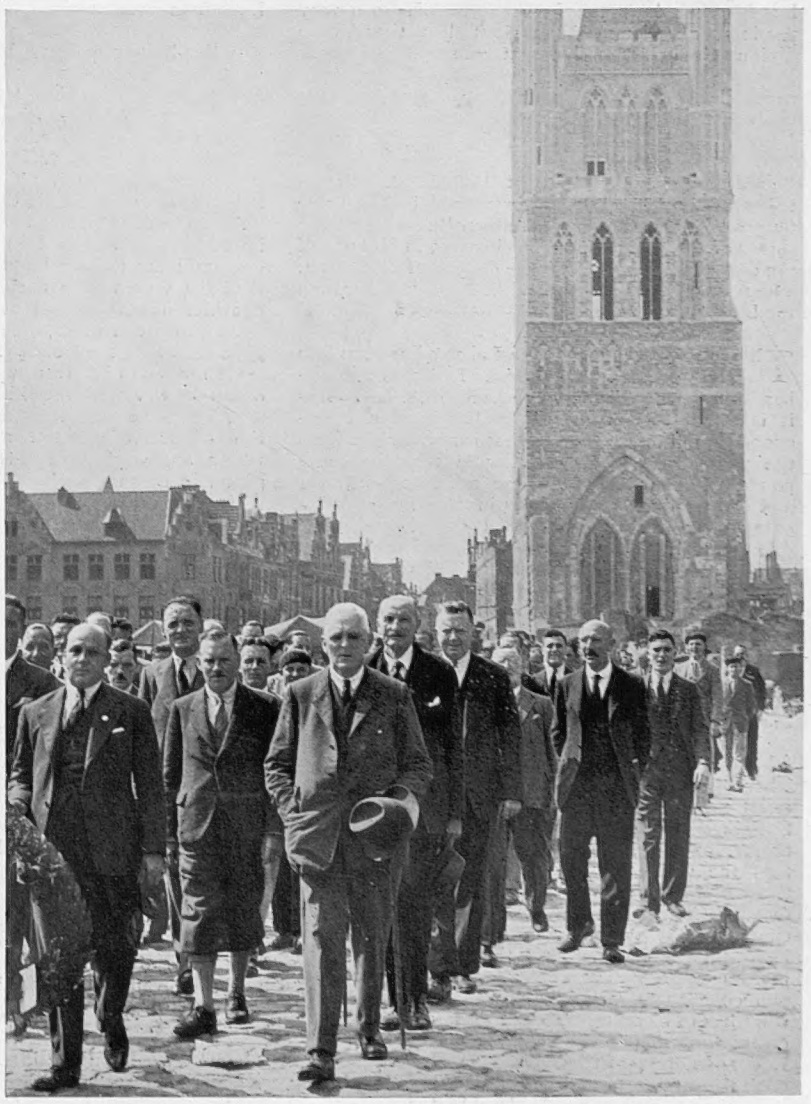
# THE NAZIS AT NUREMBERG

## M. Daladier Returns to Paris

THE SECURITY OF FRANCE: The French Premier, M. Daladier, who has been making a tour of Eastern France where he has been inspecting the frontier defence arrangements, seen (in flying suit) at Le Bourget. He is being greeted by M. de Monzie (left), Minister for Public Instruction

"A PROOF OF STRENGTH": Herr Hofer, the wounded Tirolese Nazi leader who recently escaped from an Austrian prison, received a tremendous ovation at Nuremberg, where he was greeted by Chancellor Hitler and other leading members of the party. He spoke from his stretcher to the assembled "storm troops"

REJOICINGS IN SWASTIKALAND: Chancellor Hitler, followed by his Lieutenants and surrounded by 160,000 members of his party, arriving at the Zeppelin Meadow to deliver the main address at the Nazi Congress at Nuremberg. After the Chancellor's speech, which contained nothing new, the meeting ended with an impressive march past of the flagbearers



NINETEEN YEARS AFTER: The Old Comrades Association of the 6th Battalion of the London Regiment—"the Cast Iron Sixth"—paid their annual visit to the battlefields during the week-end, and made a whirlwind 150-mile tour of various War-time sectors of the Western front. The party is seen marching across the market square of Ypres

# TROUBLED SOCIALISM:

## The 65th Annual Trades Union Congress at Brighton Brings into the Limelight the Present Confused Condition of Socialism: The Story of a Divided House Told

## By J. BAKER WHITE

The sixty-fifth annual Trade Union Congress has been in session this week by the sea at Brighton. In October the thirty-third conference of the Labour Party takes place also by the sea at Hastings. At Brighton it has been possible to see the strange state of affairs now existing in the world of organized labour; the confusion will be all the more evident at Hastings. Both conferences are faced with one grim, inescapable fact, that Socialism, national and international, is in decline. The writing has been on the wall for some years now for the Socialist politicians of the world to see. Now there is something more tangible right under their noses, the Swastika and the upraised arm of Fascism. And even from their own ranks comes the demand for dictatorships.

While the following figures may not have been put before the delegates at Brighton this week in cold print, they must have been in the minds of most of them:—

| Membership of Unions affiliated to the Trade Union Congress | 1922 | 1931 | 1932 |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 5,128,648 | 3,719,401 | 3,367,911 |

This is in spite of an intensive drive, based on the exploitation of the fear of Fascism, for getting the workers back into the unions. There is no mistaking what these figures mean. The Labour leaders claim that the fall in membership is due to the economic crisis, but the recent steady improvement in trade conditions has not resulted in any re-aroused interest in the trade unions. (Since the fatal blunder of the General Strike in 1926 the membership of the British trade unions has fallen by over a million.)

(If further evidence were needed it is provided by the membership of the National Union of Railwaymen. In 1926 the strength of the union was 327,374; in July last it was 289,925, or less than half the total of all railway employees. The significance of these figures is that the N.U.R. is and always has been one of the strongest and best run unions, following a deliberate and generally sane policy. It had able leaders in Mr. J. H. Thomas and the late Mr. C. T. Cramp. In fact it should be logically one of the least likely unions to lose members.) These figures give rise to a very pertinent question: What right has the Trade Union Congress, or for that matter the Labour Party, to speak for or dictate policy to the wage-earners of this country and their employers? There are about 9,800,000 insured persons *in work* in Britain to-day. The total number insured is about 11,655,000, and the total number of persons "gainfully occupied" about 15,000,000. Something under 4,000,000 are organized in the trade unions! This "organized Labour" stunt and the threat of the "big stick" has become in fact one of the contributing causes of the decline of Socialism. The wage-earners and the public have seen through the bluff.

Things are no better in the Labour Party, and in some respects rather worse. In 1925 the membership of the Labour Party was 3,373,870. To-day it is about 2,000,000. There has been a corresponding fall in income. What is also serious from the propaganda point of view is that the Independent Labour Party has gone into outer darkness, and having done so has split in twain, one section going over to the Communist camp, the other drifting it knows not where. Now some of the more "respectable constitutional" Socialists may be glad to see the back of the firebrands of the I.L.P., but the fact remains that they were the people who did the hard work. (They kept the flag flying between elections and led the attack in the electoral battle. And was not the I.L.P. the training ground for almost every prominent Socialist?)

Then there are the other difficult problems of (a) leadership, (b) Communists, and (c) policy. There are elements of farce in the leadership question. Generally speaking, the essential political Socialists (the parliamentarians, ex-parliamentarians, and would-be parliamentarians) consider that the whole Labour movement should follow them. Mr. Walter Citrine, secretary of the General Council of the T.U.C., has made it quite clear that the trade union leaders have different ideas. Their argument is that the trade unions provide most of the money for Socialist activity, and consequently should have the biggest say in what has to be done. To say that there is friction on this question would be to put it mildly. (Mr. Buchanan, one of the politicians, did nothing to cool the atmosphere when he observed recently that the trade union leaders had no right to denounce dictatorship, as they were attempting to be dictators themselves.)

The question of personal leadership is even more delicate. In the House of Commons Mr. George Lansbury leads the Socialist Opposition by right of seniority. He has every intention of continuing to fulfil this duty. On the other hand, there is a school of thought in the Labour Party that considers "G.L.'s" Socialism too old-fashioned. They say that Sir Stafford Cripps, K.C., should lead the Opposition. Sir Stafford, being ambitious, would like to do this very much. To complicate the situation further Mr. Arthur Henderson has now appeared upon the scene as the victor of Clay Cross.

Now it is no exaggeration to say that "Uncle Arthur," all through his long absences at Geneva and his consequent absence from active Socialist politics, has continued to regard himself as *the one leader* of all the Socialists in and out of Parliament. It now remains to be seen if he will assert his right to the position, and if he does how Mr. Herbert Morrison, who considers himself to be the leader of the Labour Party outside Parliament, will take the new situation. (The position is not unlike that which existed in the Irish Free State Army in its early days, when it consisted mostly of generals and colonels.)

But passing over these problems there is an even greater one troubling Socialism at the present time. It can be summed up in one word, Policy. There was a time, not so long ago, when "Socialism in our time" was a much-used phrase, and quite a lot of people believed that it really meant something. It is not mentioned very often now, and in the minds of the more orthodox old-fashioned Labour leaders it has become a question of "Socialism some day, but we don't quite know how or when." In fact, at Transport House there is really a lack of a clear-cut definite policy for Labour. The latest manifesto, produced for the guidance of the coming Labour Party Conference, simply trots out the old very much worn stock melodrama of "The Octopus of Finance," with the banks as the villain of the piece. But not so at the offices of the Socialist League. They are quite definite about policy. Their slogan is "Dictatorship in our time." Lenin advocated "a merciless dictatorship." So does the Socialist League, which claims to work in and through the Labour movement.

Its leading members set out their ideas in pamphlets, now reproduced in a book entitled *Problems of a Socialist Government*. The first impression gained on reading this book is that its authors have a tremendous opinion of themselves and their ability to fulfil the roles of Stalin cum-Hitler-cum-Mussolini. They do not stop far of telling the reader exactly the offices they propose to hold in the British Politbureau. The second impression gained is that they have a supreme contempt for the working classes in general and Socialist voters in particular. They do not even consider them competent to return a Socialist Government. In fact, the only competent people in the country are the members of the Socialist League, and they are to be given supreme dictatorial powers over property and even life itself.

As this book is for the consumption of Socialists, the majority of whom are weekly wage-earners and proud to call themselves "workers," it is as well to consider what ties of upbringing and class the authors have with the "workers" and what service they have done "in the ranks," i.e. in industry. The following details tell their own story:—

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS: The son of a peer. Educated at Winchester and University College, London. Barrister-at-law, Middle Temple.

MAJOR ATTLEE: Educated Haileybury and Oxford. Barrister-at-Law and Lecturer in Economics.

J. F. HORRABIN: Educated at Stamford Grammar School and Sheffield School of Art. Journalist.

G. D. H. COLE: Educated at St. Paul's School and Balliol College, Oxford. Fellow of University College, Oxford. Reader in Economics at the University of Oxford. Author.

E. F. WISE: Educated at King Edward VI's School, Bury St. Edmund's, and Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Economic Adviser to the All-Russian Central Union of Consumers' Co-operative Societies.

WILLIAM MELLOR: Educated at Willaston School, Cheshire, and Exeter College, Oxford. Former Editor of the *Daily Herald*. Journalist.

H. N. BRAILSFORD: Educated at Glasgow University. University lecturer and writer.

These are the men who are to lead the "workers" to victory and then imprison them in chains.

It is not surprising that this book has caused an uncomfortable stir within the Labour movement. Its leaders have held up their hands in horror at the Nazi revolution in Germany. Mr. Citrine has been to some pains to denounce dictatorships, and even Comrade Stalin has been criticized. And now the call for a dictatorship comes from within the very ranks of the Socialist movement. Dictator Cripps complains that he was given this label by a misguided capitalist press. Actually, it was Mr. Citrine, speaking, it may be presumed, for the trade unions, who was so emphatic about Socialist dictators. There will be, of course, an effort within the Labour movement to bury this book and forget its authors—to dismiss the whole affair as something indecent. But it is fairly safe to assume that these intellectual pamphleteers will remain in evidence, and will be a perpetual source of worry to the leaders at Transport House.

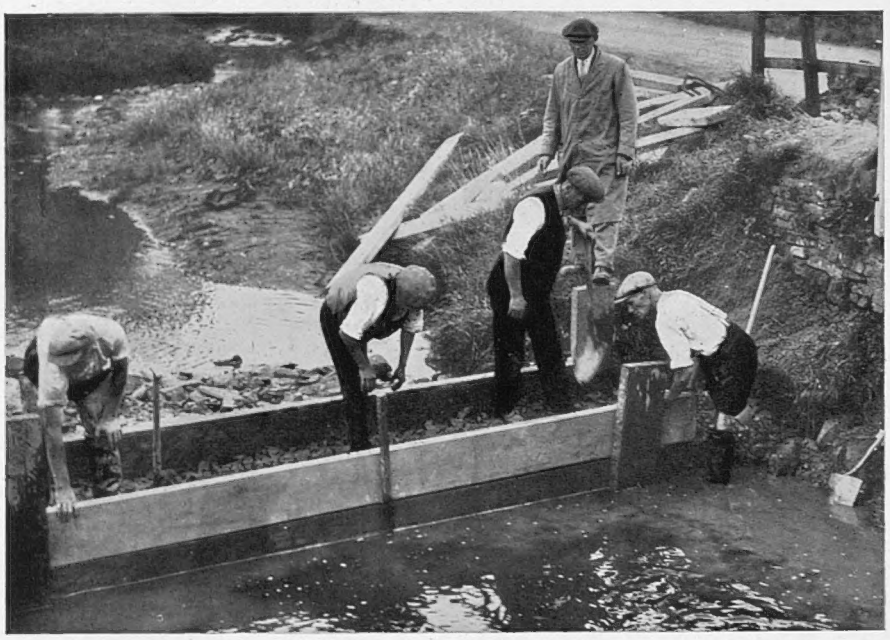
Such are the troubles of Socialism to-day, and they are not such as can be lightly borne. And it does not need some enthusiastic Fascist to paint a Swastika on the doors of the Labour Party offices. The decline of Continental Socialism and the rise of Fascism is never forgotten there for one moment. It is difficult to know exactly how many ex-trade unionists and ex-Socialists are joining Fascist organizations; but in Durham, always a Socialist stronghold, the local Fascists claim that over 43 per cent. of their recruits are either former Socialists or Communists. This fact would seem to provide food for thought. So does the almost complete failure of the Communist, to exploit 2,800,000 unemployed for revolutionary ends.

Personal observation at numbers of factory and street-corner meetings in the past year has confirmed my impression that the workers want and demand facts and economic education. Long-winded speeches about democracy are frequently greeted with laughter and sometimes with the comment that Fascism is the logical development of its failure. Prophecy is dangerous, but I dare to predict that the coming twelve months will be fateful ones for the Labour movement.

TROUBLE FOR CONGRESS: Unemployed arriving in Brighton to present their petition to the Trades Union Congress

# DROUGHT IN ENGLAND : FLOODS IN THE U.S.A.

LOW TIDE: A general view of the Barnsley Reservoir, near Langsett, Yorkshire, where the recent drought has resulted in a 30-ft. drop in the water level



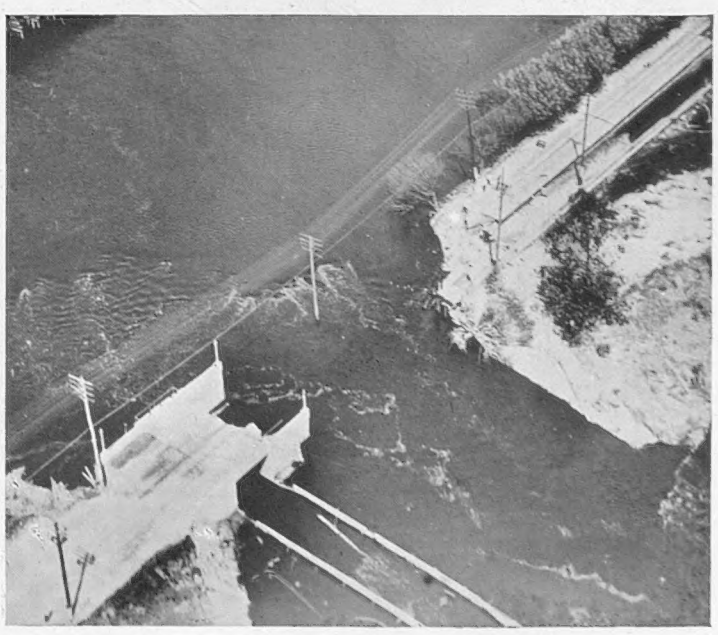
THE DROUGHT IN CHESHIRE: When this picture was taken Macclesfield had less than a fortnight's supply of water remaining in the reservoirs. To meet the emergency Lord Derby, who is the landowner, gave permission for the Corporation to dam the Clough stream. Men are seen engaged on the task which it is hoped will allow of 500,000 gallons of water being pumped each day into the Trentabank Reservoir

IN DERBYSHIRE: Farm hands drawing a supply of water from a hillside spring at Winster. The drought is also affecting the Midland factories. From the East Anglian Counties, also, come reports of exceptional shortage of water

THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD HURRICANE: All that was left of the Yorktown-Norfolk ferry after a violent storm had caught and left it in this position off Gloucester Point, Virginia

AFTERMATH: Flooded homes in the Philadelphia district of Pennsylvania. The neighbouring Schuylkill River reached its highest level since 1869

TROUBLE IN THE CAPITAL: The tremendous velocity of the wind as the hurricane passed over Washington, D.C., resulted in numerous trees being uprooted. This parked car was smashed beyond repair

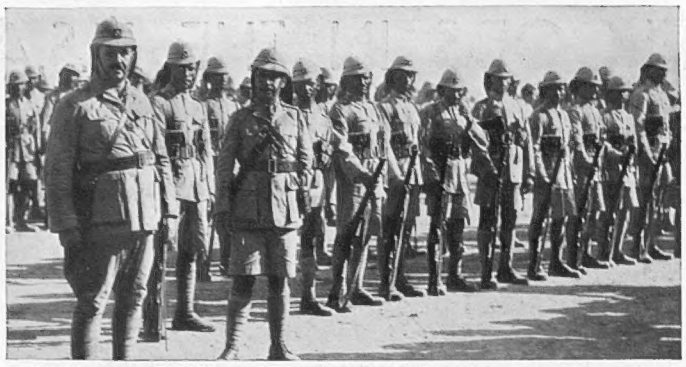


THE CENTRE OF DESTRUCTION: The broken dam near Salisbury, Maryland, which finally gave way under the strain of floodwater pressure. It was feared at one time that the south-eastern parts of the State would be completely submerged

# IN IRAQ TO-DAY

## The Tragedy of the Nestorians: Arabs and Assyrians in Conflict

### By KENNETH WILLIAMS

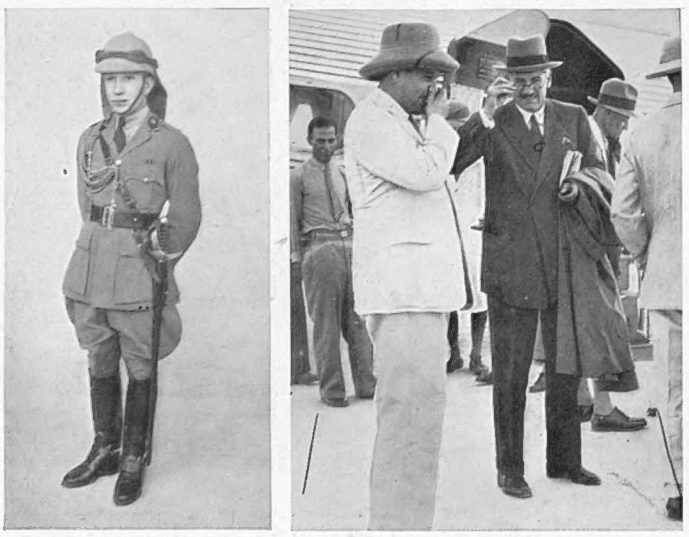


THE REWARDS OF VICTORY: Officers and men of the Iraqi Army drawn up for review on their return to Baghdad. They were accorded a rapturous reception and for several days given the free use of local cabarets, restaurants, and buses

OFFICIAL WELCOME: On their return to Baghdad, the Iraqi troops were received by ministers, seen in a group in the background

GREETINGS FROM CHILDREN: These little girls, all in Western dress, have been showering confetti on the returned soldiers. Others presented bouquets

A TUMULTUOUS GREETING: When King Feisal's son returned by aeroplane from Mosul he was given a great welcome by the people of Baghdad. Thousands carried the national colours



H.R.H. AMIR GHAZI: *Left*—The Crown Prince of Iraq in full military uniform. *Right*—Sir Francis Humphrys, of Afghan fame, Britain's first Ambassador to Iraq, seen on his return to Baghdad. On his right is Mr. Ogilvie Forbes, Counsellor to the Embassy

The Assyrian trouble in Iraq, which came to a head last month, has awakened the interest of almost the whole civilized world. With particular sympathy has the treatment meted out to them been greeted in Great Britain. The full facts concerning the lives that have been lost have not yet been made public; nor is the background of the Assyrian tragedy adequately realized. Propaganda and counter-propaganda have both been indulged in, and, most unhappily, religious prejudice has been imported into the problem.

The question concerns one section only of the Christian Assyrians, namely, the Nestorians. (The other section, the Chaldeans, who are in communion with Rome, have long been resident in Iraq, and are living in adequate harmony with the Government of Baghdad.) Now these Nestorians are mountain folk and, therefore, warlike and tenacious of their ancient privileges. For centuries before the Great War they inhabited the Hakkiari Mountains, in Eastern Turkey, where they enjoyed a considerable degree of autonomy, under their patriarchs who, bearing the title of "Mar Shimun," were both spiritual and temporal leaders.

During the War they joined the Allied cause, linking up with the Russians and fighting against hostile Turks and Kurds. With the outbreak of the Bolshevist revolution, however, and the consequent defection of the Russian armies, they were left in the air. They therefore fought their way, though with heavy losses, through the mountains of Turkey and Persia to their nearest Allies, the British in Iraq, who welcomed them in 1918.

But although the British welcomed them as fighters—and magnificent fighters they were—the emigration *en masse* of some 40,000 of fresh refugees constituted a severe problem for the conquerors of the Turk in Mesopotamia. Some were successfully settled in the highlands of Northern Iraq, and some 10,000 were enlisted in the Assyrian levies—regiments which, led and trained by British officers, did sterling work in quelling activities against the Mandatory Power in the new kingdom of Iraq.

The Assyrians loved their British officers, and the admiration was reciprocated. Unfortunately, however, the Assyrians came to look upon themselves as British, and relied wholeheartedly on the permanent protection of the Mandatory Power. They did not conceal their contempt for the Arab population of Iraq, and this feeling also was reciprocated. In gaining the gratitude of the British, in short, they earned the enmity of the Arabs. Thus grew the seeds of dissension between the Nestorians and the Arabs—a dissension which was to have a bitter sequel.

More than one attempt was made to settle these Christians on the land. The most far-reaching attempt, that to replant them in their original homeland of the Hakkiari, failed owing to the League of Nations' decision in 1925 that this region should not be incorporated in Iraq but should be recognized as Turkish territory. Naturally the Turks would not allow the return of a folk who, though Ottoman subjects, had rebelled against them in 1915. After that, endeavours were made to find land for the Nestorians in Northern Iraq, but Kurdish suspicion of them was such that no large accommodation was considered practicable.

It was, however, only with the publication of the terms of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of 1930, which made no provision for the future of the Assyrians, that real fear began to agitate the youthful patriarch, Ishai Mar Shimun, and his *Maliks* (tribal chiefs). They saw the levies being progressively disbanded, and they realized now that Great Britain was in earnest in her resolve to vacuate the country. (There now remain only a few hundreds of these levies, guarding the British aerodromes). The cry of alarm was raised, and petition after petition reached Geneva that something be done to settle the Assyrians as a homogeneous and semi-autonomous people. But when the League consented in 1932 to the termination of the mandatory régime, the Assyrians' future was still left undecided.

Ever since 1930 the Mar Shimun and the more warlike Assyrian tribes have been regarded with increasing suspicion by the Iraqi Government. And when, in the earlier part of this year, they failed to give their word that they would co-operate in the scheme of settling the Assyrians in whatever regions were available in Northern Iraq—this scheme of settlement was organized by a British officer specially employed for the purpose, Major D. B. Thomson—it was obvious that such friction was developing as might very easily arouse a spark.

On June 22 the Iraqi authorities saw fit to detain the Assyrian Patriarch in the Y.M.C.A. in Baghdad. This act convinced his more bellicose followers that there was no hope for them in Iraq. Shortly afterwards some fifteen hundred of them crossed the frontier into Syria. What happened to them there is not absolutely clear. The Iraqi Government claims that the French authorities first disarmed them but subsequently rearmed some 500 of them, that these in the first week of August treacherously attacked Iraqi troops who were waiting for them, and that all the lives that were lost were the result of pitched battles between Assyrians and Arab troops. It is asserted, on the other hand, that Kurdish irregulars were let loose by the Baghdad authorities on defenceless Assyrian villagers, and that massacres in cold blood occurred of Nestorians who had no connection whatever with the desperate men who had crossed into Syria.

In any case, the reports of these excesses were sufficient to cause the British Ambassador to hasten back from leave to Baghdad, where he at once conferred with King Feisal, who had similarly had to return from his holiday (resumed on September 2) in Switzerland.

But the feelings entertained by the ordinary Arab towards the Assyrians could be judged by the rapturous reception which was given in Mosul and Baghdad to the troops which returned victorious from their encounters in the north. The populace went wild; speeches were made denouncing "interference" by the British or the League of Nations; it was proposed that all the officers who had taken part in these operations should be promoted; and the Patriarch was deported to Cyprus, to be followed by all his relatives.

There for the moment the matter rests. Iraqi opinion has become inflamed against what it considers foreign misrepresentation. But the British Government has been shocked and the League of Nations alarmed by what has occurred. The situation is being treated as one of urgency this month at Geneva, where the general feeling is that, although the Iraqi Government may originally have had a case, it has put itself out of court by the excesses in Northern Iraq, and thereby justified the fears widely entertained that the country was not fit yet to govern itself.

But whatever facts emerge from an inquiry, it is certain that the fate of these brave mountaineers, the Nestorians, has been one of the tragedies of the Great War.

# PHYSICAL GRACE

## In Action and Repose

THE JAVELIN THROWER

Herr Doederlein, the young German film star, displays his skill at a Berlin sports meeting

AT THE FIFTEENTH STUTTGART GAMES

Herr Frey-Kreuznach gives a demonstration on the parallel bars

PUTTING THE WEIGHT

Fräulein Hildegard Wachsmuth at the fifteenth annual sports gathering at Stuttgart

BATHERS IN THE WANNSEE

A charming holiday picture from a famous German resort. With the advent of the Hitler regime the cult of the open air has been even more noticeable this year

DR. AXEL MUNTHE'S HOME AT ANACAPRI: It was here that the doctor first witnessed the terrible slaughter of migrant birds which he afterwards described with such intensity in his *Story of San Michele* that Mussolini was moved to make the island of Capri a permanent bird sanctuary

# IN CAPRI'S BIRD SANCTUARY

## Where the Trapping of Migrants has been Banned by Order of the Duce

If a modern Siegfried could descend to-day among the forests of olive trees, citrons, cherries, and almond trees, which cover the enchanted island of Capri with a mantle that is always green, and if he could, like the hero of the legend, interpret the language of the thousands of birds which people it and fill the air with their gay and tuneful songs, what a message of joy and gratitude would he hear from these winged songsters who can now live unharmed beneath the bluest sky and above the loveliest land in the whole of Italy.

Six months ago the island of Capri was a hell where millions of migrant birds met with death as they rested during their long flights between Africa and the colder regions of the north; to-day it has become a sacred asylum, a sanctuary where the pilgrim messengers of the air find refuge and security at every season of the year under the beneficent protection of a new decree of Signor Mussolini.

With a stroke of the pen the Duce has turned hell into a paradise; by a single gesture he has destroyed within twenty-four hours that shameful trade which for centuries past has sullied the fame of the island of poets and lovers. At his command the nets and snares with which the verdant hillsides and flowering gardens were formerly fitted have been replaced by drinking troughs and bird baths for the refreshment of the travellers.

Millions of winged creatures come twice a year to rest on this island which knows no winter. For the most part they are the migrants, quails and swallows which leave Africa in the Spring to make their nests in Europe and return in the Autumn to winter in genial warmth. For this vast band of pilgrims the green isle of Capri, island of perpetual sunshine, of calm and tranquil solitude, is a place of refuge and rest, a miniature Eden where they can pause after a night flight before starting on the final stage of their journey.

Most of them arrive exhausted, hardly able to maintain themselves on the wing, scarcely having the strength to run, when they alight. All that they seek is a place where they can feed, shelter themselves from the wind, and, above all, where they can rest and regain their strength. Some are so weak that they fall into the sea a few yards from the land, the greater number flop down on the plants, the flowers, the beach, or the rocks like little lifeless corpses pitiful to see.

It was at this moment that the massacre commenced. Caught by the thousand in concealed nets or in the famous "grills" which closed behind them at the slightest touch, the little creatures were soon shut up in cages to be immediately despatched to the markets of the world, or to provide after a period of fattening a feast for gourmets. Others still more wretched were blinded with a white-hot iron to become "singers" which hunters used as decoys. It was not a sport, but a cruel trade against which even the inhabitants of Capri protested in vain.

Then six months ago Mussolini received at his villa a copy of the novel, already famous all over the world—*San Michele*, by Dr. Munthe—in which the story of this carnage was painted in so realistic a way that the Duce was filled with horror. Could this story possibly be true? Was it conceivable that such cruelty could take place under his regime? Could it be believed that his new, noble, and generous Italy had so far forgotten the respect due to animal life?

A telephone call to Marquis Dusmet, the Mayor of Capri, another call to Dr. Munthe, who had already on his own account consecrated a large part of the grounds of his magnificent villa at Anacapri as a refuge for birds, and a third call to the local Chief of Police put him in possession of the facts; more than 2,000,000 quails were killed each year on the island, more than 10,000 "blind singers" were exported every season.

That night, one of his friends told me, Mussolini dtd not close an eyelid. Like all strong men of action who are strangers to fear and danger, protection of the weak appears to him a paramount duty. Pity, one may say, is the gift of giants; pity towards animals is the gift of every humane man. Next day a decree was ready and signed. By order of the Dictator the trapping and capture of birds was totally prohibited in Capri at all seasons. The right of asylum which for centuries past the pilgrim messengers of the air had claimed in vain was granted at last. The first large bird sanctuary of Italy was established.

To-day the nets have disappeared, the "grills" are destroyed, the guns are silent; quails, swallows, and other winged migrants arrive at Capri without fear or danger. Their life is as safe as that of those who took sanctuary in the Middle Ages.

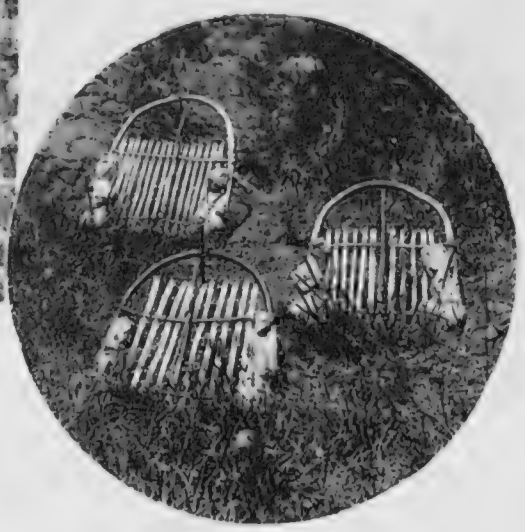
Public opinion throughout the world has been stirred; messages of appreciation, medals of gold and silver, illuminated addresses and even poems have been showered on the Duce from all over the world. British, French, Swedes, Swiss, Germans, and even Russians have thanked him in the name of humanity, but of all the messages the one most appreciated by the Dictator is that contained in the joyous and tuneful notes of the birds whose lives he has saved.

## AN ISLAND CONCERT

### By Axel Munthe

When I left Capri some weeks ago the whole island was full of bird song. There was a farewell concert in the garden of Materita in my honour, with a jubilant chorus of blackbirds, turtle-doves, chiff-chaffs, garden warblers, fly-catchers, goldfinches, blackcaps, woodlarks, linnets, yellow-hammers, and whitebreasts. The programme also included a beautiful *adagio* for flute by a golden oriol, an old-fashioned, tender ballad for mezzo-soprano by a blue rock thrush, and a sad little folk-song by a willow-warbler from a bush of rosemary. From the top of an olive tree even a weather-bound cuckoo, still somewhat shaky in his vocal chords after his long sea journey and rather out of tune with his unfamiliar surroundings, insisted on having his say, amidst peals of laughter from dozens of merry chaffinches. A couple of nightingales had hurried back from Africa in honour of the occasion. From dawn the fierce competition for the best *Preislied* was in full swing under my bedroom window among the small Meistersingers. There was a soft murmur of bird voices and an incessant fluttering of wings in the thicket of laurel bushes: there seemed to be some talk between a pair of blackcaps of starting building their nest there. But I told them that until the miracle man Mussolini had seen his way to provide Capri's thirsty birds, flowers, and creeping things with more water in the summer they had better come on with me to England and spend their honeymoon there

*(From a letter to "The Times")*



*Above*—"BY ORDER OF THE DUCE": One of the notices on the island of Capri prohibiting the trapping and slaughter of birds

*Left*—THE SANCTUARY OF SAN MICHELE: Once the scene of slaughter, now of full-throated song

*Right*—THE CRUEL "GRILL" TRAPS AT CAPRI in which many thousands of birds were once caught for the markets of the world

# OVER THE ETHER

## Europe's Women Announcers

ROME: Maria Rosa Corsini, the popular announcer from Radio-Roma, with her colleague, Gastone Ciuffo, who was at one time a London bank clerk. Although women announcers are something of an innovation in this country, they have been employed on many Continental stations since the very earliest days of broadcasting. In the following series of pictures we present to our readers some of the outstanding microphone personalities who, although not generally known, provide many thousands of people with their daily budget of news and entertainment

RADIO-BRATISLAVA: Madame Hoffmannova, who broadcasts from the capital of Slovakia. A few years after her debut as an announcer she met and married a listener who had first heard her over the radio

MILAN: Madame Rizzi Marconi and Mr. Sormano of the famous Italian station. Madame Marconi, who has been an announcer since the opening of the station eight years ago, is a vivacious Italian with an outstanding command of language

LUGANO: Mlle Nini Mousny who broadcasts from one of the newer Swiss stations. The transmitter is situated in the famous Monte Ceneri fortress

KAUNAS: Mlle Irene Garmiute who recently gave up her law studies and started a more profitable career as an announcer from the leading Lithuanian station

LAUSANNE: Mlle Angèle Golay and her colleague, Mlle Blanc, who assists with the Sunday broadcasts. Mlle Golay has a particularly clear enunciation which has made her one of the most popular Swiss announcers. She was formerly a secondary school teacher

RIGA: Frau Stein-Birkmanis who broadcasts from the famous Baltic University town. She speaks Latvian, German, and Russian fluently and has a good working knowledge of French and English. She is Riga's second woman announcer

# WHO'S WHO in GOLD

## By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE EASTWARD AND WESTWARD FLOW OF GOLD: *Above*—A £2,000,000 shipment about to leave England for America earlier in the year. *Oval*—Unloading a European-bound consignment of gold from the White Star liner *Olympic* this week

We are approaching a moment when the Gold Countries will stand out on the map as increasingly interesting subjects of curiosity and study. At first sight it would appear easy enough to segregate these Gold Countries, to put one's hand on them. Are they not France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, and do they not stretch from the North Sea down to the Adriatic, cleaving Europe in twain? Yes. And then, again, perhaps not quite. It doesn't seem to be so simple and clear-cut as that. For example, when did Germany go off gold? Or Spain? Or Poland? Or Prague? Nor do I recall Austria or Hungary or divers Baltic and Balkan lands quitting the allegiance, the sacred fetish. But I speak under correction, as everyone should in this matter. I ask questions: also, as everyone should. This very morning the scion of a famous English financial house asked me, "Has France any policy over gold?" And all I could answer was, "I imagine she's waiting and seeing." However:—

To some the Gold Standard may appear as not unlike a raft about which doubt has been professed; some definitely on it, others clinging with help, some slipping off or contemplating a dive, others off, and despite warning cries of currents and under-tow and sharks and kindred dire perils, apparently not finding the briny so distasteful; one splashing about a bit, in fact. It is to such a raft that the inquirer must address himself here. For it does look as if Europe alone is taking on this winter with no less than five different "standards" in operation in the way of currency. Firstly, under Pure Gold, would come the High Priestess, France, and Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy—though some may not see the two last as pure and might be tempted to transfer them to the second batch, the Gold Satellites. These are chiefly the ones France is trying to keep on the raft and include Poland, the Little Entente, and possibly Austria and Hungary. Most of these are bankrupt, but that doesn't seem to matter with a Gold Standard as long as one is on it. Also some may experience renewed temptation to transfer Austria and Hungary to batch three; among such mystifying cases as Germany and Spain, clearly labelled for inclusion under a question mark. The former proclaims loudly that she is on gold and won't come off it, yet is not invited to form part of the official Gold Bloc. Actually, her gold cover at the Reichsbank is now sunk to 9 per cent. and how, indeed, is one to rate such a denuded one as being on the same standard as a France which announces a cover of over 100 per cent., an excess of gold over notes in circulation of £6,000,000?

Even our pauper selves have thrice Germany's cover and also more than golden Italy's—but that is getting much too deep (maybe all this sounds like the Children's Hour to experienced financiers, but as most of these have by this time themselves admitted they don't know how the Gold Standard works, one is not unduly abashed). On, instead, with the fascinating case of Spain which has not, to my knowledge, formally come off anything it was on in the days when the peseta was one of the dearest currencies in Europe. And yet there are over thirty perfectly good shillingworths to be had for the £ in Spain to-day. Fourthly, we encounter the so-called Sterling Group off gold and which numbers (besides the Dominions and several important others outside of Europe) ourselves and the Northern lands, Greece, Portugal, and a few more. Fifthly, there is the U.S.S.R. which has its own private currency solution—one for natives, one for foreigners, and whose rouble is quoted nowhere.

So who's on gold? Who, indeed, save the High Priestess and Dutchmen and Swiss? Nevertheless, for the purposes of this glance round, the remaining two officially "on"—Belgium and Italy—may be sanctioned. These, at all events, form the pivotal quintette standing by *what was*; and it is not unnatural, accordingly, that their interior conditions should suddenly have begun to interest people in other lands. Are they, with their gold, better off than those who have parted from this metal, or who possess it not in sufficient quantity? What does it actually avail the population in these diehard lands to be firmly astride gold? Forgetting the bankers and stock exchanges and all the play of finance in its business and other ramifications, have these Gold Standard folk "got anything," in the materialities of life and living, on the apparently deprived Paper Peoples experimenting in fresh fields or on the borderline cases which may like to think they're still on gold but can adduce small tangible, golden evidence?

Having been in all five of the Gold Bloc quite recently, perhaps I may be permitted to testify in one or two general directions. In each case the populace is (proverbially) groaning under taxation which it protests has reached ceiling; in each instance there is a heavy budgetary deficit. (The High Priestess herself failed adequately to float an internal loan and had to knock at our ungilded door while another of the stalwarts, Italy, is unable to float a foreign loan at all.)

In each of the five there is grave unemployment, and in each trade and affairs generally show great stagnation. In four of the five cases (Belgium the exception) you are in the dearest countries in Europe—nothing new, this phenomenon seems usually to accompany gold-pigging—and, also, in those States driven most to having to subsidize their exports trades. Therefore, whatever may lie in the claim of certain of these gold ones (who inflated insanely in the past) that they are *safer* than others, they have all of the others' major contemporary ills. And one or two more threatening, notably in the way of a greater isolation from countries they relied upon in the matter of their commercial balances. For example, three of the five (Belgium and Holland the partial exceptions) are grievously smitten as the pretty-pretty lands of European travel, but in whose direction few may soon be in a position to go. And the foreigner not going to France, Italy, Switzerland, is a national matter, not just one of circumscribed gain.

Conceivably it might be different if these countries possessed extensive populations—say, if the five of them pooled 200,000,000 purchasing whites. Then they might have hoped to exchange laundries with some degree of success, pending events. But they approach no such figure. Three of them are quite small numerically, and it is impossible to take France's claim to a 100,000,000 population seriously since so very, very many are sunk away in jungle lethargy, with a standard of living Pekinese would sniff at, i.e. no real purchasing power in that direction. Italy hasn't even got this primitive stuff to dangle domestically, and the Duce is hoping and striving to round the Gold Cape by an intensive cultivation of Austria, Hungary, and the Balkans. They have all got to round this Gold Cape, and they realize that there's a time limit, with such an ocean of depreciation surrounding them. Both Belgium and the Netherlands have considerable and valuable colonial possessions, but neither Brussels nor the Hague have illusions of sweet self-containment with such. Only France is talking that way (futilely, I think). Yet France is the best situate of the five. I am not thinking of her £1,000,000,000 stowed away in gold in the Banque de France, and more rolling steadily in, but the people themselves are now giving signs of having great personal reserves which they are actually beginning to spend to the amazement of recent foreign visitors. Yes, practically self-sufficing, dug-in France could indubitably stand the racket longer than any of the others, although many are already saying "pourvu qu'on attend pas trop longtemps" and the inflationist camp grows. "Isn't it a terrific gamble," it is put, "keeping all this gold and losing our markets and tourists and residents?" To which La Haute Finance answers . . . parrot-like things.

Those who like their fare light may chuckle at the thought of the fact that France and Belgium have defaulted over debt, and that in four of the five Gold Countries (Italy the exception) a constant chorus arises demanding healthy national finance. Holland is the latest, after Premier Colijn came irately back from the Geological Institute. Holland lives chiefly by goods in transit and exports. Her ports are empty and her exports withered. Only a third of the necessary funds for the budget being available, although there's a gold cover of 88 per cent. and the florin is *most* healthy, it is hoped to balance matters by new indirect taxes—the Dutch won't stand for any more direct ones—by firing masses of teachers and functionaries to join the 300,000 registered workless ("economies," a common cry in the hoarding lands), and by shoving up the tariff walls still more.

A feature of the Gold Countries, I should add, is the height of tariff walls (save Belgium). And how would Englishwomen like to pay a third more for English produce than that produce is sold for in foreign countries? That is what Swiss women of the towns have to put up with, the reason being the Government's costly support of the peasants in order to sustain their purchasing power vis-à-vis the urban population. Sometimes in Gold Countries one has to be very self-contained indeed. Swiss vaults are stacked high with gold bars (not by any means all Swiss), yet the life of the Federation is a sustained complaint of dearness, slump, and lack of work.

While being technically on gold, Belgium certainly most resembles, of the five, life and conditions in the countries that are off it, this being mainly due to the absence of tariffs; but Belgians are never quite happy if their path is not that of England, and they are full of grouses now.

As for Italy, the case is unique. Life is tremendously stern and tight-belted, and, whatever the standard of gold, the standard of life there wouldn't suit lots of others one bit. In the mind's eye I compare this latter standard with its equivalent in the non-gold Scandinavian lands.

One is compelled to conclude that no advantages in the ordinary ways of life accrue to the inhabitants of Gold Countries. They are hit along with the Paper Peoples, and nothing at present points to their being less so in the future. Rather might it be interesting to watch that raft.

# A JEWEL OASIS

OBERSTEIN-IDAR: The little town in the Hundsrück Hills, near the Saar district of Germany, which for years has had an international reputation among jewellers as a diamond cutting and dealing centre

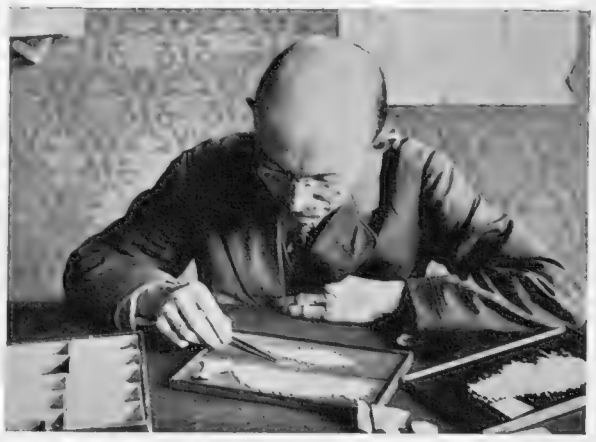
A THRIVING INDUSTRY: A mountain workshop near Oberstein-Idar where agate polishing has been carried on for more than 200 years. Much of the raw material is obtained from the neighbouring amygdaloidal rocks

EUROPE'S UNOFFICIAL DIAMOND EXCHANGE: The clubroom of the local hotel where the proprietors of the great stone-cutting firms meet and confer with their customers. A morning's work may involve the handling of tens of thousands of pounds worth of precious stones

IN AN OBERSTEIN GARDEN: The people of the district are very fond of precious stones, and it is a rare event to see a woman wearing artificial jewellery

STONE DEALING: An array of uncut agate and other semi-precious stones awaiting sale on the premises of an Oberstein dealer. *Left*—A diamond cutter at work in one of the local factories

HERR BECKER, Oberstein's largest pearl dealer, examines some newly acquired specimens. With the advent of the Japanese raised pearl he has had to face considerable competition



HERR TREIBS, whose family has dealt in opals for four generations, valuing some of the stones he is about to send out for sale. His representatives travel in every capital in Europe

The little town of Oberstein-Idar, which in these difficult times has earned the enviable title of the jewel oasis of the world, is already beginning to enjoy a trade boom as the result of world-wide currency inflations, and the general desire of those owning precious stones to take their profits while the going is good. Hidden away in the Nahe Valley, Oberstein has seldom come into the limelight of publicity, but it has been known for many years among jewellers as a centre for diamond cutting and of dealing in opals, agates, and other precious and semi-precious stones. The dealers are all rich men and, although they have experienced their own share of the only to be expected set-backs of the depression, are hopeful that this time the trade revival will be permanent and restore their industry to its pristine prosperity

THE WEEKLY DELIVERY: An employee of Herr Cæsar, the "Agate King of Oberstein," checks the various pieces before their despatch. The bowls are cut from a single stone

AN OUTLET TO THE CONTINENT: Extensive additions and improvements are now being made to give further accommodation at Harwich Quay. A new wall of reinforced concrete (146 ft. wide and 1,200 ft. long) will provide the foundations for cargo sheds and offices, while there will also be an up-to-date station which will considerably hasten the embarkation of Continental passengers

HULL TRAWLER OWNERS are spending about £400,000 on a new building programme which started last spring and which will take a year to complete. A trawler is seen in course of construction at Beverley Shipyard, Yorkshire

THE FIRST HARBOUR TRAFFIC LIGHT IN THE WORLD: How the herring fleet on the River Yare can be controlled from the harbour-master's house at Gorleston-on-Sea

H.M.S. "HOOD," the Home

# ACTIVITY IN THE SHIPPING WORLD

## Signs of Trade Revival in the North

DOCKLAND ACTIVITY: A view of the King George V Dock, London, taken on a recent occasion when every berth was filled—a sure indication of improved conditions in the shipping world. In the foreground is one of the "Bay" boats

FLAGSHIP OF THE BATTLE CRUISER SQUADRON, pays off her men at Portsmouth Dockyard. She is to re-commission with a Portsmouth crew for further service with Fleet. The *Hood*, which was built under the Emergency War programme, was begun in 1916 by Messrs. John Brown of Clydebank. She has a normal displacement of 41,200 tons and a complement of 1,341 men

# RUSSIA'S AIR FORCE

## How the Soviet Republic is Pushing Forward a Vast New Building Programme and Attempting, with Long Range Bombers, to Secure for Herself the Aerial Domination of the East

BY LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

A RUSSIAN AMPHIBIAN: One of the latest types of military 'plane built by the Soviet Government

FLYING INSTRUCTION: Nearly all the large Moscow factories are stated to have an "Aviation Circle" which provides facilities for members who wish to take up flying in their spare time. Two workers are seen receiving tuition from a pilot at a Moscow aerodrome

Probably nowhere have the transatlantic flights of General Italo Balbo and General Pellegrini with twenty-four twin-engined Savoia-Marchetti seaplanes, from Rome to Chicago and back again to Rome, been watched with keener interest than in Moscow. Certainly by no aviation authorities are the lessons of that great achievement and their possible application being more closely studied than by the High Command of the Red Air Force of Soviet Russia.

Aside from considerations equally applying to other countries with military air fleets, and the conviction that the rebirth of intense nationalism and expansive pressure of over-population offer indubitable proof that the era of wars is not yet at an end, the situation in the Far East between Russia and Japan forces the attention of the Red Army to the necessity of developments in military preparations and the acquisition of most modern equipment on land and in the air.

In Japan you will hear, as I have heard, expressions of the deep-rooted belief that war between Japan and Russia is only a question of time; that Russia is only waiting to become militarily strong enough to avenge the Russian defeat in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. In Moscow you hear, as I heard there, the equally profound conviction that Japan will, in the comparatively near future, attack Russia in the Far East and endeavour to take Vladivostok and the maritime provinces.

Russia has had no navy in the Far East since the destruction of the Russian Fleet by Admiral Togo. She can only strike effectively at Japan proper from the air. A stretch of water, ranging only from 350 to 700 miles, separates Japan from the air base of the Red Air Force just behind Vladivostok. From this base, Russia's new, big, long-range four-engined bombers could reach and bomb Japanese cities, causing terrible destruction and havoc, even though a goodly percentage of the giant Russian 'planes might not get home again.

Japan is strong on land and on the sea, but still weak in the air compared with Russia. This is true both of aircraft and personnel. Aviation, thanks largely to German inspiration, training, technical aid in construction and organization, has made remarkable progress in Russia.

That the Japanese are well aware of this, and that they have no illusions about the danger from Red bombing squadrons of the new giant 'planes based at Vladivostok, is quite obvious from the very extensive aerial defence manœuvres and practices held in five prefectures in Japan during the first half of August. These manœuvres and drills centred round Tokyo and included Yokohama, Yokosuka Navy Yard, and the Kasumigaura Naval and Air Station, where we landed with the *Graf Zeppelin* on the historic Hearst-Zeppelin-round-the-world flight in August, 1929. Of course, these aerial defence drills and manœuvres were also to impress upon the Japanese population what a modern air attack means, and to instruct them how best to defend and protect themselves in the event of such attacks coming from air squadrons based on naval aircraft-carriers instead of Vladivostok.

For there are a number of thoughtful Japanese who consider that a war with America is almost as inevitable, at some future date, as war with Russia. The Japanese Military and Naval General Staffs, slower it would seem than other first-class military Powers to grasp the almost predominant importance of aviation in future wars, have realized their mistake, and are now seeking to retrieve the time lost. Additional impetus has been given to the rapid increase of Japan's air fleet by the fact that China, too, is "going into the air," and laying the foundation of an Air Force with a considerable order for American fighting 'planes as a nucleus and with the aid of American instructors.

But Russia is building aeroplanes faster than Japan. Russia, too, is giving more attention to the development of large three, four, and five-engined bombers with long range. Japan has concentrated more on fighting 'planes, on smaller bombers, and on anti-aircraft defence. In aeroplanes, especially in the matter of bombers, and in personnel too, again thanks to the Germans, Russia to-day is superior to Japan. The Japanese have an advantage in the fact that their air fleet is concentrated at and around the comparatively small area of their home base, with aircraft factories, machine shops, and repair works close at hand. The Russians must bring their squadrons of fighters and bombers from distances varying from 3,000 to 5,000 miles to their Vladivostok base. The destruction of this base would be one of the first objectives of the Japanese. Aircraft machine shops and repair works at Russian air bases east of Lake Baikal leave much to be desired, although a great deal has been accomplished in the last twelve months.

Large squadrons of the Red Air Force are based at Vladivostok and in the vicinity of Khabarovsk. Military men, however, are doubtful whether the Russians could long hold Vladivostok in the face of attacks by the Japanese from the sea and the air, and encircling movement by Japanese land troops thrust in from Manchuria. The cutting of the northern route of the Trans-Siberian Railway, vulnerable in many places on the long thousand-mile stretch between Lake Baikal and Vladivostok, would quickly stop all supplies. All this, and more, is well known in the General Staff of the Red Army, and measures are being taken to meet such contingencies. One of these measures is that Russia is more and more shifting both its national defence and its offensive striking power to the air.

The Russian aircraft industry war mobilization plan issued some months ago calls for the production of 8,000 'planes and 21,000 motors. That would constitute the largest air fleet in the world. At first thought these figures strike one as appalling and incredible. But an examination of the production and use of aircraft by the leading Powers in the World War shows that we are liable to forget, for those figures completely dwarf the Russian air programme, gigantic as it at first seems.

Not to mention England, France, Italy or America, Germany alone built *44,000 aeroplanes and 48,000 motors* during the four years of the War. In the last month of the War—the month of October, 1918—the Germans produced 2,200 'planes and 1,900 aero motors. *And that was fifteen years ago!* What enormous progress has been made in aviation and in the aircraft industry since then!

*(Continued on p. 418)*

RUSSIA PARADES HER AERIAL STRENGTH: A recent picture from Moscow where a great demonstration of military and civil aeroplanes was given to mark the advance of aviation in the Union

# LONDON RE-DISCOVERED

PAYING FOR A VIEW: In order to build an approach worthy of the new home which Sir Edwin Lutyens has designed for Mrs. Guy Liddell, her father (Lord Revelstoke) is sacrificing many thousands of pounds by demolishing old shop property near Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

A SECRET PASSAGE, which is believed at one time to have connected with Kensington Palace, has been discovered on Lord Revelstoke's Chelsea estate during the demolition work in the grounds of Mrs. Guy Liddell's new home. Workmen are seen closing the passage

A LINK WITH OLD LONDON: Some of the fourteen Queen Anne houses on the North Side of Clapham Common which the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings are adapting as modern dwellings. By consent of the owners the society is offering leases at reasonable rates and making provision for securing the property against deterioration

RUSTIC KING'S CROSS: Not many Londoners are aware that some 200 yards from the great terminus is an extensive pig farm. It is the property and spare-time hobby of Mr. George Bailey, a Holborn contractor

ONE OF LONDON'S HOTTEST JOBS is performed by the men who work in the retort houses of the South Metropolitan Gas Company in Old Kent Road. There are 160 retorts in each house, and each requires 12 cwt. of coal

THE PICTURESQUE PORCH of St. Ethelburga's, for generations a familiar sight in Bishopsgate, has recently been removed and replaced by a new entrance. Various other alterations are being carried out to render the entire structure safe

# SAVING LIFE IN

*How the German-Austrian Alpine Club*
*Stations for Keeping in Touch With, and Dire*

POST INSPECTOR WOLFF, manager of the rescue station at Garmischpartenkirchen, who in one week conducted four search parties in the mountains and who on each occasion was assisted to success by the Alpine Club's wireless organization

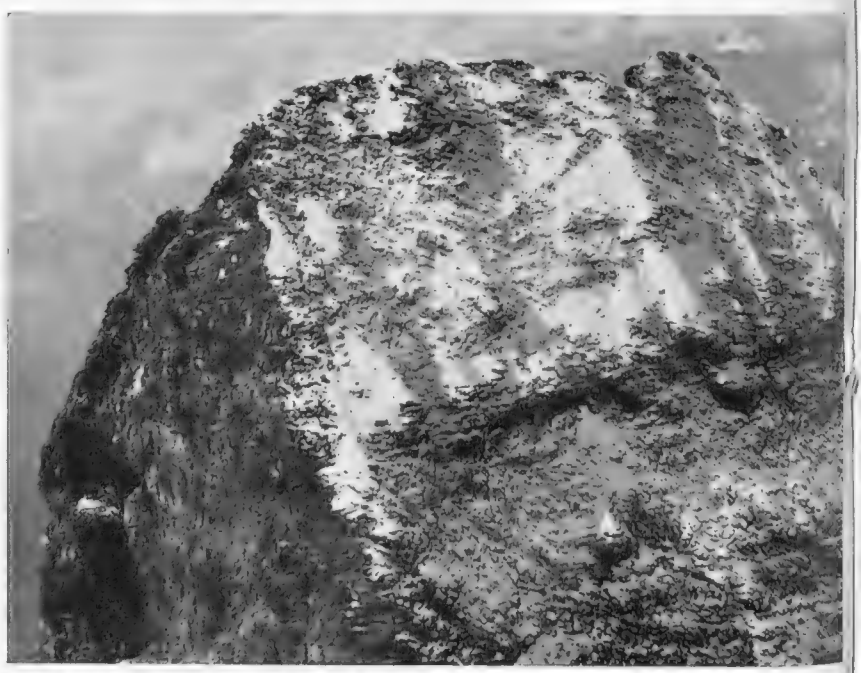
A SEARCH PARTY setting out for the mountains equipped with a short wave transmitter

A PORTABLE TRANSMITTER IN ACTION: Members of the Alpine Club assisting their colleagues on the mountain

MEMBERS OF A SEARCH PARTY listening-in to instructions from the base

The recent tragic accident on the Piz Roseg, which resulted in the deaths of four Eton masters, has aroused the sympathy of the whole climbing world and focused public attention on the lurking dangers of Alpine adventuring. The German Alpine Club, however, has for some time past been engaged in perfecting a wireless system whereby those who get into difficulties, or lose their way on the mountains, can be brought to safety by wireless equipped Alpine guards. The mountain short-wave transmitters are controlled by search parties and by guards at the base camps in the valleys, and communication between the two has been found to have greatly facilitated the work of rescue. In addition, to this almost hourly broadcasts describing in detail local weather conditions assist the inexperienced climber and warn him against making an ascent if he is likely to meet with more than usual difficulty

CLIMBING THE BIANCO RIDGE: A difficult ascent of the Piz Bernina—a treacherous 13,000-ft. peak in the Pontresina region which is usually only attempted by experienced climbers



THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN: The great 14,000-ft. peak viewed from the north-east. A Swiss cross on the right and an Italian post on the left demarcate the boundaries between the two countries. The summit was first reached in 1865, when Lord Francis Douglas and the Rev. C. Hudson lost their lives on the return journey

# THE MOUNTAINS

## Organizes its Transmitting and Receiving ting Search Parties Engaged on Rescue Work

*Pictures by Meerkamper*

CLIMBING FROM THE BIANCO RIDGE TO THE FINAL ASCENT OF THE PIZ BERNINA: Note the overhanging ledges of snow-caked rock. *Left, above*—Preparing to jump a crevasse on Pilot Glacier. Only one man moves at a time, the others holding fast in case of accident

THE ONLY WAY: Using a ladder to traverse a deep crevasse on the slopes of the Piz Bernina. *Left*—Where only crampons make such a steep climb possible. Another picture taken during an ascent of the Piz Bernina

# BOOKS

## By CECIL ROBERTS

There are some places made so real to us by the theatre and literature that when they are encountered in reality they seem like the substance of a dream. For a few days I have been living in the world of Vicki Baum, not that world of *Grand Hotel* in which the unhappy and fading *ballerina* had her great adventure, but in the world of a later book, *Martin's Summer* (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.). This was not one of Fräulein Baum's best books, but it possessed a cheerful spirit of adventure. Young Martin, an Apollo who taught swimming, since he had failed to succeed as an engineer, went to a small Tirol resort. Here he had employment on a commission basis at the bathing place on the lake. But it rained heavily each day and he grew hungrier and hungrier. Behind the plate-glass windows of the large hotels he saw slim ladies eating enormous meals. He looked wistfully in at them, they looked wistfully out at him, hungry in a different sense. At the end of a wet summer, enlivened by a romance or two, Martin was delivered by the success of one of his inventions.

I do not know where Fräulein Baum placed the setting of her story, but every detail fits in with Zell-am-See, near Salzburg. I arrived from Venice in a downpour. I looked from the dining-room of my hotel on to a sad and deserted bathing beach. Half-a-dozen young Apollos in *Lederhosen* might have been the original Martin. They lounged under the dripping trees, bronzed in limb and face, lacking employment for their boats and automobiles.

I can well believe that Zell-am-See is a jewel of the Tirol. It possesses a massive range of snow and glacier-covered mountains, there is a large lake, and the little town, with its baroque buildings and wooden châlets perched precariously on the pine-clad foothills, would supply a true *White Horse Inn* scena. Mine host, clad in leather breeches with tassels, wearing embroidered shirt and braces, and a hat with a shaving-brush stuck in it, stands in the door of his inn, smoking a drooping pipe, beaming and bowing in the best tradition of *Gemütlichkeit*.

This Tirol of the musical play and romantic pictures has been well served by British authors. First in the field, and most successful of all, was Margaret Kennedy, who arrived with Sanger's Circus and peopled the châlets with nymphs who were anything but constant and composers who were nympho-maniacs. Then a lady in a London store plucked an autumn crocus and started every elderly school teacher on a fortnight's holiday leaning from a balcony at midnight, in the hope that the handsome young Tiroler in the next *Zimmer* would lean out, too. I have also been guilty. I can no longer visit my favourite Kitzbühel. It is tiresome to be asked twice a day whether I have read *Pamela's Spring Song* or *Spears Against Us*, whether they are true stories, and whether I have ever met the author. Moreover, a local gentleman swears he has been libelled since I made a daughter he never possessed figure in a tragic immoral adventure.

Nevertheless, I do not think the resources of the Tirol are yet exhausted for authors, and judging from the number of them now holidaying there we may expect a fresh crop of *lederhosen* romances. But a word of warning. The Romeos and Don Juans of the Tirolean scene are no longer wearing leather shorts and slapping brown thighs in a folk dance. They have been conquered by plus fours, and proudly strut about in that hideous, pseudo-Cromwellian garment beloved of the slovenly lounger and the anything but plus four golfer. The Tirolean Gretchen, too, looks less like the victim of Faust, in artificial silk stockings. But a few of the real *Mädchen* survive, sturdily. I was tempted by sheer beauty to move from my not very Grand Hotel into the house of the village watchmaker. It was the kind of house Sir Oswald Stoll would have transported direct into the Coliseum. It had all the proper trimmings. It stood under the frowning bluff of a snow-capped mountain. It had a long wooden carved balcony running under its gable and green shutters folded back from its windows. The balcony and the windows were ablaze with boxes of marvellous geraniums. A huge watch hung over the door, symbol of the owner's craft. His workshop was a downstairs room, and its walls were covered with hundreds of clocks and watches that tinkled and chimed and whirred like a story in Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Every morning a robust Gretchen with flaxen twin pig-tails brought in my breakfast and said *guten Tage* with a smile that lit the rooms. She persisted in her greeting of good-day although it rained incessantly through every hour of five days. I lay in bed, reading and writing, and wishing in these hours of leisure I had some of those three or four hundred books I shall review on this page during the coming season.

Here, of course, was a superb setting for a play or a romantic drama, but I could think of nothing but the grim tragedy now being played out in unhappy little Austria. Every day whenever a train came in I witnessed a procession of hotel porters in labelled caps and green aprons scurry to the station to meet the visitors; the trains came in but no visitors got out. For a few moments the porters lingered, in sad disbelief, and then returned to their empty hotels. In the little market-place the touring cars stood empty. In the window of every châlet a card announced rooms to let. On the lake the pleasure boats were drawn up the beach, in the bathing place a handful of bathers tried to look festive. Germany has successfully strangled the Austrian tourist traffic. She has outlawed resistant Austria, and the thousands that poured out of Germany into these Alpine villages are forbidden to cross the frontier.

FARMER AND AUTHOR: A new portrait of Captain and Mrs. J. L. Hardy. Captain Hardy, who is a Norfolk farmer, is part author of *The Key*—a new play at the St. Martin's Theatre. He also wrote that remarkable book, *I Escape*, in which he described his experiences as a prisoner of war

HIS ISLAND HOME: Mr. J. B. Priestley whose latest novel, *Wonder Hero*, ran into its third edition before publication. He now spends a great deal of time in the Isle of Wight, where he recently acquired sixteenth century Billingham Manor. The study, which is built like the bridge of an Atlantic liner, looks out through very modern windows on some of the island's most lovely scenery

### BOOKS TO READ

**MEMOIRS OF A DIPLOMAT**, by Constantin Dumba (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d.). A colourful commentary by a former Austro-Hungarian Ambassador on outstanding men and events in the political world of the last half-century.

**TIGHT CORNERS OF MY ADVENTUROUS LIFE**, by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie (Hutchinson and Co. 18s.). The drama of a varied life by a traveller, explorer, artist, and writer.

**FROM SARAJEVO TO THE RHINE**, by Arminius (Hutchinson and Co., Ltd. 18s.). An anonymous German writer discusses eighteen Generals of the Great War.

**THE LIFE OF HENRY DUNDAS**, by Cyril Matheson (Constable and Co. 20s.). An authoritative biography of a British statesman.

**A LAST ELIZABETHAN JOURNAL**, by G. B. Harrison (Constable and Co. 21s.). A journal of those things which most occupied the minds of Englishmen between 1591 and 1603.

**VON HIPPER**, by Captain Von Waldeyer Hartz (Rich and Cowan. 20s.). The life of a great German naval commander.

**WILD CARGO**, by Frank Buck and Edward Anthony (Jarrolds, Ltd. 16s.). Astounding experiences in the animal kingdom.

**ROLLING ROUND THE HORN**, by Claude Muncaster (Rich and Cowan, Ltd. 15s.). A world tour in a four-masted barque.

## A Visit to the Setting of a Vicki Baum Story: Tirol as the Background for a Romantic Drama: A Venetian Concert Party

It is a declaration of war of the cruellest character. These Tirolean villagers are faced with a hungry winter after a ruinous summer. They are almost wholly dependent upon a very short season of visitors. England, stirred to admiration by the heroic defiance of little Herr Dolfuss, has rallied somewhat to Austria's aid, but a few British birds of passage do not make a summer season.

It has been easy to detect the English visitors, for they immediately buy native costumes, walk about with unbleached legs, and cry *Ja! Ja!* like jackdaws. Compared with the Germans they are good spenders. The Germans know the price of everything; they have hotel rates and railway fares at their finger tips. They seldom employ porters or eat in dining cars. Their rucksacs contain food, raiment, and literature.

The English, Dutch, and French are extravagant travellers. I have not yet recovered from my surprise after a conversation with three young German *Wandervogel* I met in Venice. They had just arrived, with rucksacs on their backs, a guitar, and a Baedeker. They were university students from Heidelberg. They had walked all the way through Switzerland, over the St. Gotthard Pass, down to Venice, and were returning via the Brennero and Innsbruck. The total funds of the three were 120 marks! They were holidaying for six weeks and hoped to reach Heidelberg again with a little in hand. They all spoke some English and Italian.

One evening, when I took them out in a gondola, they brought their guitar. They had excellent voices, and an astonishing repertoire which included not only Hitler propaganda songs, but the Italian *Giovanezza*, *It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary*, *Annie Laurie*, *Over the Sea to Skye* and *Parlez-moi d'amour!* Their voices as we glided down the dark canals were so enchanting that crowds gathered on the small bridges to watch our gondola pass. And when, finally, I conducted my concert party to a garden of an Italian friend, where they sat and sang under the lanterned vines, a small crowd collected at the gate and applauded the unseen minstrels.

Where, I kept wondering, are the English boys who would cross Europe and live for six weeks on a total fund of £2? True, our Boy Scouts go to Denmark and Hungary, but compared with these German *Wandervogel* they are luxurious travellers with their reduced train fares and organized hospitality. I can still see the amazement on the faces of my friends when, one day, arriving at Göschenen, on the crest of the Swiss Alps, having passed through the St. Gotthard tunnel, I proposed getting out and walking down to Lucerne through some of Europe's most magnificent scenery. But it would take three days on foot, they protested. So alone, I got out and walked and never regretted an inch of the way.

There is a charming little book called *Moritz's Travels in England* (World Classics) which is the account of a journey made on foot through the English countryside one hundred years ago by a German pastor. Part of his way lay over the Chilterns to Oxford, and he records that he had the utmost difficulty in obtaining lodging en route as there was a firm conviction that all pedestrians were bad characters. The vogue for hiking to-day is changing our outlook, but I find the view that walking on the Continent is neither safe nor respectable still prevalent among my fellow countrymen.

I think even a hardened British hiker would feel uncomfortable, after a night at an English inn, if in the morning the chambermaid appeared with a hand truck and trundled his luggage to the station. This happened to me on my final morning at Zell-am-See. I had asked for a porter. The watchmaker's daughter, she of the persistent smile and *guten Tage*, appeared with a heavy hand-barrow on which she piled my luggage. Slightly uncomfortable at the sight of this feminine labour, though nourished in a land strident with declarations of sex equality, I was about to protest when I realized, from the vigour with which my heavy bags were handled, I might be thrown on top of them and ignominiously trundled to the station.

And in that moment I conceived a comic finale for Mr. Cochran's next excursion into the profitable land of *Bittersweet*—ten British tenors trundled on trucks to the station by ten lusty *Mädchen*, with a chorus of porters in embroidered *Lederhosen*.

# NEW TOWN-PLANNING SCHEMES

## In Being and Projected

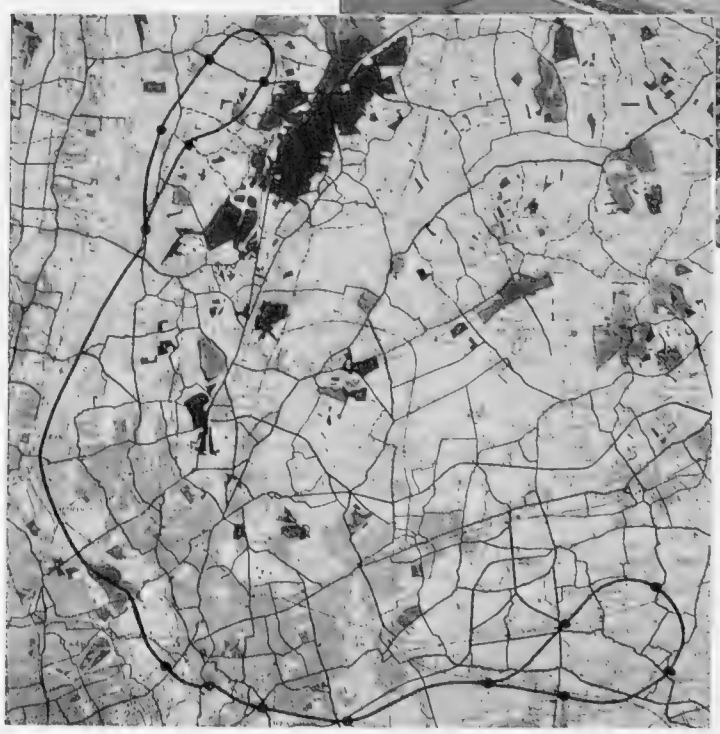
That London has made outstanding efforts to solve her housing problem is clearly demonstrated in the two accompanying pictures of new estates in the Hendon neighbourhood. Their layout has been scientifically planned and a generous amount of garden space is attached to each home. In spite of these efforts, however, London remains in many areas a congested city. People naturally desire for economy's sake to be near their work, and in certain areas have in consequence become massed in such numbers that there are not even half enough houses to go round. In the opinion of Mr. Charles Boot, who has just issued a most interesting volume on the subject, the only solution lies in the creation of model towns some miles from London which would yet be connected with the City by a cheap and fast system of transport. It is his proposal that two new towns should be built in Essex, one near Waltham Abbey and the other near Dagenham. Each would consist

(*Continued on left*)

*Left*—A HENDON HOUSING ESTATE: Note the modern geometrical method of planning

initially of some twenty-five thousand £275 houses, each town accommodating a total population of 125,000 people. The system of transport Mr. Boot proposes to use for linking-up the new areas is that of the "Railplane." Here speed and cheapness, as well as safety, are the predominating factors. Approximately 12,000 passengers an hour could be dealt with in each direction, and this could be considerably increased by the addition of more and larger cars. As the "Railplane" can average 50 m.p.h. with ease, access to London would become a matter of minutes rather than of half-hours. It is in this way that Mr. Boot claims to have solved the vital problem of congestion without interfering materially with the pockets of the people. Whatever disadvantages his scheme may have, and they are not apparent on the surface, it is certainly one that can command both interest and respect

GEOMETRICAL TOWN PLANNING: An aerial view of another up-to-date Hendon estate



THE "RAILPLANE" SYSTEM: How the proposed model towns could be linked with West Ham and brought closer to central London by the construction of a fast "Railplane" service (route marked with heavy black line) between Waltham Abbey, West Ham, and Dagenham

A MARVEL OF MODERN TRANSPORT: A "Railplane" car on the experimental track at Milngavie, near Glasgow. As passengers can be transported at an average speed, including stops, of over 50 m.p.h. it is suggested that the system, if applied to London, would result in a general exodus from the slum areas to the countryside

TO STYGIAN DEPTHS: The primitive trolley in which Mr. Graves descended into the Oakeley Mine at Blaenau Festiniog. It travels at considerable speed and at an angle of 45 degrees

# THE WORLD'S LARGEST SLATE MINE

## Down the Famous Oakeley Pit at Blaenau Festiniog with

## CHARLES GRAVES

The road wound higher and higher through the thin mountainy drizzle. At last the white gates of which we had been told came into view and there in front of us was a desolation more complete than the watersheds of Montenegro. Miles of shale spread themselves in petrified avalanches. Toy railway tracks twisted among them. We had come to our goal—the biggest slate mine in the world. It is situated a mile north of Blaenau Festiniog in Merionethshire, North Wales, and from its wild fastnesses slates have gone out to Australia, New Zealand, West Africa, India, and all parts of the world. When the Hôtel de Ville in Brussels had to have its fifteenth-century roof replaced, the blue-grey slates of Merionethshire were used. You will see their symmetry on Cologne Cathedral, on the Peace Palace at The Hague, on churches in Denmark, on country houses in Germany. For this mine has been in continuance for 130 years. Before that it was a quarry for another 200 years. The present day slate-getters and their partners are in many cases the fifth and sixth generation of miners. Their craft is older than the coal mining in Derbyshire.

It is for this reason that the whole system of the mine is quite nineteenth century, except for the necessary machinery. In coal mines you have gangs of several men in charge of a leader. At Blaenau Festiniog, or at any rate in the Oakeley mine, the contracts, which are monthly ones, are given by the company to units of four men. Two of the men are the slate-getters underground. Of their two partners above ground, one is the splitter and the other is the dresser. They split and dress only their own mates' blocks of slate. Sometimes they are behind time and sometimes they are ahead of schedule, so there is bound to be a certain wastage of time. Still, that is how they like to do it. On an average the two men below ground "win" about four tons of slate a day which shrinks to one ton of completed slates when all is split and dressed. The record number of slates ever completed by one of these quartettes in a single day is 4,800.

"There can be very few other large industries," said the general manager, "where the raw material is produced and turned into polished goods by twos. It comes down, of course, from the old days when isolated groups of men worked the open quarries and it is high time that it was altered. But up here in the mountains the mine is far removed from modern conditions and it is slow to adapt itself to them. Even the basis of payment dates back to the price-list of last century. It has never changed in principle. All that happens is that the men are paid 'poundage,' which means that they get anything from £2 to £6 extra each month per pound sterling prices on the old list. This small unit system means that outstanding men cannot earn as much here as they should because their responsibilities are so small. But why don't you go down and see the men at work?"

Borrowing a mackintosh, and afterwards wishing I had borrowed some heavy boots as well, I was placed on an iron handcart with a rough plank nailed on one side. A moment later my guide and I jolted down an incline of one in three to the mouth of the pit proper. This looked for all the world like Dante's Inferno. Clouds of smoke billowed out from the gunpowder blasting which reverberated from the womb of the mountain every few minutes. A miner's lamp was pressed into my hand and I was put on a wooden platform which sped swiftly down at an angle of 45 deg. through the gunpowder smoke to one of the five levels at which the slate is won. A toy railway line led eastward through the Stygian gloom. The ground was putty-like in consistency. Every moment or two we had to step aside while small Welsh miners went by pushing trucks loaded with shale or blocks of slate. The air was cold but absolutely pure. I was told that I could light a cigarette if I wished. It was only near the gelignite and the gunpowder where this was forbidden. Every few yards we passed the men's "dining-rooms." These are long narrow burrows in the side walls of the tunnel along which we were walking with bowed heads to avoid the low rocky ceiling. The burrows are about 40 ft. long with rough trestles and are about 7 ft. high and 10 ft. wide. The men eat sandwiches and drink tea there between 11.30 and 12 which is the half-hour break in their eight-hour day.

Armed with our lamps we made our way along at a good pace until we came to the point where we were to go down another 300 ft. at the same angle of 45 deg. as before. It was most weird and unearthly. Moreover, the slant of the descent was for some reason much more agitating than the direct vertical drop you experience in a coal mine. Another long walk along the toy railway lines followed until we came into a chamber and saw two men actually at work. They had just touched off some gunpowder and had one side of their block clear. They were about to do it again to rend it off on the other side. The gunpowder smoke swirled about our nostrils. We were about 800 ft. below the surface of the ground. As we talked, a rumbling roar above us told of some other separated couple like these who were blasting out their daily bread. "What kind of slates will this block make?" I asked William Rowlands, the elder miner. "Oh, these will be duchesses," he said. And then I learnt a rather charming thing. Apparently the slates all go, or used to go, by the gradations of the peerage. Starting with "queens," which are 26 in. by 16 in., you descend to "princesses," which are 24 in. by 14 in. Then come "duchesses" (24 in. by 12 in.), "wide duchesses" (22 in. by 12 in.), "narrow duchesses" (22 in. by 11 in.), "countesses" (20 in. by 10 in.), and "ladies" (16 in. by 8 in.). There are also "viscountesses" which the Welsh miners call "bach," which means "small." These names no longer occur on the trade price list. But the miners still go on with them as did their fathers before them. To-day there are twenty-seven different kinds of slates, and each has four variations in thickness.

But we are still in the chamber, hundreds of feet underground, and William Rowlands is explaining how it is done. By the light of his two guttering candles a trench is excavated by blasting along the inclined face of exposed slate. Then a "slice" has to be blasted at the bottom. Block after block of workable slate can then be torn off by holes bored at right angles to the cleavage plane. Two or 3 lb. of gunpowder are put in (Rowlands can tell to an ounce how much is wanted) and as the explosive exerts itself the rock splits almost geometrically. In fact, it is severed, not smashed.

*(Continued on p. 418)*

*On left*—SLATE SPLITTERS AT WORK: Only experienced men are able to carry out this exacting task which involves splitting the slates to one-sixteenth of an inch. By machinery half this width can be obtained, and the finished piece can usually be bent like paper

WHEN THE HOOTER GOES: Men arriving at the mine for the start of their eight hours' shift

# SLATE QUARRYING AT BLAENAU FESTINIOG

DETACHING A BLOCK OF WORKABLE SLATE FROM AN OPEN QUARRY FACE: A hole is first drilled at right angles to the cleavage plane of the slate and is then filled with 2 lb. or 3 lb. of gunpowder. After ignition the resulting explosion splits the rock almost geometrically and a large block is released and ready for removal to the splitting sheds. Note the marks of previous drill holes

1,000 FT. BELOW GROUND: Quarrymen dealing with a 20-ton slate block which had just been blasted from the heart of the vein. Two or three of these immense pieces are removed to the surface each day

THE SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES OF A WELSH SLATE MINE: Where the quarrymen spend a third of their lives below the surface. The air, however, is absolutely pure and they in no way suffer from their underground environment. Work at Blaenau Festiniog is much less dangerous than in a coal mine

# 25 YEARS OF DRAMA

## Being the Fourth of a Series of Articles on the Stage of Other Days: The Essentially Male Humour of "The Follies": Fay Compton the Versatile: The Burlesque of "The Chocolate Soldier"

By PHILIP PAGE

H. G. GRANVILLE BARKER: Actor, dramatic author, and manager

SEYMOUR HICKS: An early portrait of an "evergreen" comedian

*The Follies!* Surely no man who saw this most famous of all pierrot troupes will ever cease to treasure his memories. I say "his" advisedly, for I have rarely met a woman who thought *The Follies* funny; theirs was a peculiarly male form of humour.

The arch-"Folly," H. G. Pelissier, has been dead for twenty years. Dead, too, are Douglas Maclaren and Gwennie Mars. Attempts to revive the troupe have long ceased, and perhaps wisely. Lewis Sydney, Pelissier's incomparable stage companion, I lunched with the other day; he still looks like the Bishop of London, and describes himself as a "printer and poulterer." Ethel Allandale is his wife. Morris Harvey, like another ex-Folly, Fay Compton, has turned, among all sorts of other stage work, to Shakespeare. Fay, by the way, having shone in burlesque pantomime, has been equally successful in a real one. Dan Everard, in whom the copyright, or whatever it is called, of *The Follies* rests, now keeps a hotel. Muriel George and her folk songs are popular over the wireless.

It was, of course, Harry Pelissier who held them all together; despite loyalty to him and much individual brilliance, when he died *The Follies* inevitably ceased to be. His death was a tragedy—he was only thirty-nine—and a sad blow for England's gaiety, for I never knew a funnier man on or off the stage. Another tragedy was that he had ceased to be funny, and knew it. His later productions were disappointments and one of them—I think it was at the Empire—was booed. "Boo back," he shouted to his troupe, and they did. Knowing the man as I did I am sure that the order was not meant offensively; it was just a characteristic piece of whimsicality. But it got him into terrible hot water.

For a long time his health had been failing. Lewis Sydney, staying late in the dressing-room after the show one night, happened on his way out to see a light on the stage. Pelissier, still in his costume and make-up, was bending over the piano, sobbing his heart out. "I shall never be funny again, old man," he muttered, "never be funny again!" No artist recorder of the sad adventures of poor Pierrot could have made a more touching picture than that. . . .

But to revert to happier days. Pelissier, when I first saw him—I did not meet him until some years later—was a good-looking young man, not so very fat, performing with his "Follies" on the Clarence Pier at Southsea. He was obviously destined for London and there were appearances at the Palace Theatre and seasons at the Royalty, Terry's, and the Apollo, which became the permanent home of the "Follies." Their entertainment was superb, not only because it was intrinsically witty and because Pelissier, a fine "natural" musician, provided first-rate music of its kind, but by reason of its unerring sense of burlesque and the intimacy which he, as *compère*, could establish between his troupe and his audience.

A sure proof of the worth of that entertainment is the frequency with which its enthusiasts—elderly or middle-aged now—go on quoting from it whenever the subject crops up among a group of them. "Do you remember so-and-so?" "Let me see, how did that song go?" And an echo of the old show is given. Long shall I treasure Pelissier's recital of that passionate ballad "Butterflies—all black," the potted plays, the opera skit (Harry,

1901—1933: Iris Hoey as the much tried mother in a scene from a 1931 revival of the Noel Coward comedy, *The Young Idea*. She made her first appearance at the Vaudeville in 1901

as a Wagnerian heroine, moaning "He haf mein lager beer be-drunken"), the beverage quartets, and, above all, the burlesque pantomime. An announcement in this last was masterly in its truth:

> I am the Baron, the Baron Stoneybroke;
> My part does not contain one single joke;
> Each Christmas time I earn large sums of money
> By being superhumanly unfunny.

One of the subtlest hits was the burlesque of *The Chocolate Soldier*, which was running at the Lyric Theatre next door, with poor Charlie Workman in the chief part. Workman had spent most of his career touring the country in Gilbert and Sullivan, with as his favourite part, Koko, who makes his entrance singing

> Taken from a county gaol
> By a set of curious chances.

Workman, as impersonated in *The Follies*, sang

> Taken from a country tour
> By a set of curious chances.

Poor Harry Pelissier! He was a big baby, a genius, utterly kind-hearted, extravagant, and self-indulgent, sunny yet touchy, a true Bohemian in the best sense, and a man for whom humour was the breath of life. He is of the trio who have given me more pleasure, on both sides of the footlights, and more joyous companionship than any of my friends and acquaintances—and in nearly thirty years of contact I have been indeed fortunate. The other two, still, praise Heaven, with us, are Seymour Hicks and Harry Tate.

I always feel slightly annoyed when I read the description, used time and time again, of Seymour Hicks as "the Sacha Guitry of England"; it is neither insularity nor false patriotism that makes me consider that it would be more just to call Sacha Guitry "the Seymour Hicks of France."

There is a close parallel between the two, who are friends, and keep each other's photograph on their dressing-room table. For now let it pass that both are fine actors. Yet Guitry has not one-tenth of Hicks' versatility and little of his vivacity, for all his French blood (which has a Russian mixture). I could never picture Sacha prancing about in a musical comedy, which Seymour, as the Jack Buchanan of his day, did supremely well at the old Gaiety, and later elsewhere.

I am not underestimating the importance or difficulty of this type of work in saying that I think it a pity that he occupied so much of his time with it. But to such pieces as *The Catch of the Season* at the Vaudeville, which nearly persuaded the *jeunesse dorée* to wear knee breeches and coloured evening coats, he added a touch all his own.

It is difficult when talking to Seymour Hicks, who at sixty is as vital and as restless and as *gamin* as ever he was, and who looks thirty-five, to realize that he has been on the stage for forty-six years and was touring America in the late 'eighties. He made in those days friends with men much older than himself. He knew Henry Irving well and Toole, with whom he acted (Toole I never saw except as a dying man in a bath-chair), and there is no more enthralling teller of theatrical reminiscences.

He has a reverence for all that is fine in the drama of the past, a quality rare even among the eminent actors of the present. . . . It was a strangely serious Seymour Hicks who a few months ago laid a wreath on the tomb of Edmund Kean. His own Richard III showed what he could do in his only incursion into Shakespeare; his Hamlet remains but a tantalizing possibility.

It was as the dashing Valentine Brown in *Quality Street* in 1902, with dear Ellaline Terriss, that I first saw him, and I would put among his best performances the Comte in *The Man in Dress*

H. G. PELISSIER: The founder of "The Follies" and a leading light at the Apollo

VIOLET LORAINE: For over thirty years one of the most popular actresses on the London stage

GREGORY STROUD as Baron Schober in *Lilac Time*. He has recently been touring successfully in South Africa and is now returning to London

# TIC HISTORY

*Clothes*, "He" in *Sleeping Partners*, with its long telephone conversation done inimitably, and, of course, Scrooge.

He once played Scrooge looking precisely like himself instead of the haggard, evil-faced miser. Having to fulfil an old engagement at a Cardiff music-hall while playing in London, he dressed in the train and took the usual hour over putting on grey paint, hairy eyebrows, wig, wrinkles, and goodness knows what else. He arrived at the theatre in the nick of time and stood in the wings awaiting his entrance. Suddenly his whole face was covered with something large, wet, and horrible. He struggled, suffocating. The Thing withdrew with a dreadful sucking noise, and took with it grey paint, hairy eyebrows, wig, wrinkles, and goodness knows what else.

The Thing was the trunk of one of Lockhart's elephants, the next "turn."

Seymour's wit is as swift as it is brilliant. And it can be cruel. "I'm going to blow my brains out" a youth, crossed in love, wailed to him. "You mean you are going to commit suicide" flashed Seymour.

Harry Tate is a queer card. I remember him when he was a mimic at the old Oxford, where he was engaged after he had terminated his employment with Henry Tate and Sons, the sugar people, whose name he took for stage purposes. His real name is Hutchinson, and his father was a Scottish captain of a "windjammer," who had a pretty poor opinion of the stage and all connected with it. Years later, when he had become a world-famous comedian earning many hundreds of pounds a week, he went to see the old man. "Hello, Harry," was the paternal greeting. "Still in the baboon business?" That would take the conceit out of any man. But Harry has none.

The famous Harry Tate sketches, *Motoring*, *Fishing*, *Selling a Car*, etc., owed much to the late Wal Pink, who wrote most of them, and they put him on the map as a comedian. I wrote one, and it became highly successful, mainly, perhaps, because Harry steadfastly refused to speak any of the lines given to him. But it was to the London Hippodrome and the productions of the very astute Albert de Courville that the establishment of Harry Tate as an institution in the West End of London was due.

The Hippodrome in those rather far-off days had tried a number of "attractions." The first was *Giddy Ostend*, an aquatic spectacle, by my old friend, the late Chance Newton of *The Referee*. This was not very remarkable, except that playing a humble part in it was a comedian named Charles Chaplin.

Then came *The Flood*, *The Redskins*, pygmies, real brigands, performing fish, a boxing kangaroo, and, finally—the last indignity—grand opera. The operas, mostly in one act, used to be conducted in person by their composers, Leoncavallo and Mascagni, who were conducted in person (in another sense) to the orchestra desk by the late Fred Trussle, the manager, an urbane figure.

But all to no purpose. The public stayed away and the Hippodrome became known in the profession as "The Mausoleum." De Courville, whom I knew as a reporter on *The Evening News*, was given *carte blanche* to get the place going and started the series of super-revues, beginning with *Hullo, Ragtime!*

If a lot of money was spent on production, a lot of money was made. Vi. Loraine and Harry made a fine stage partnership. She, too, had music-hall experience, and was the best pantomime principal boy of the period, just as pretty and brilliant as Iris Hoey was the best principal girl. But Iris Hoey could, and can, do almost anything on the stage. In *Baby Mine* at the Vaudeville—the last play Sir W. S. Gilbert ever saw—she was the talk of the town, and she was equally fine in quite a different key—*The Secret Woman*.

Harry Tate is modest, friendly, natural, and a bit of a philosopher. He studies life, and it was from life he chose his company of "boys" and his faithful companion and fellow-performer, "Ken." Off the stage he does not in the least resemble that fantastic figure with red hair and a waggling moustache. Whereby hangs a tale.

Very late one cold night near Sutton he saw in a car which had broken down a very beautiful girl and a chauffeur struggling with repairs. He offered assistance, found that it would be a long job, and asked the girl if she would care to come and rest by the fire in his house, a mile or two away. She accepted. At 2 a.m. the only fire in the house was in the kitchen, so there they sat, toasting their toes and enjoying some refreshment. They started talking about the stage, and Harry told his guest who he was. "Don't be silly," she said. "It's a fact," he repeated; "I really am Harry Tate." "Well," said the girl," "I'm Gladys Cooper." And she was. Harry rushed into the passage and shouted up the stairs to his wife, "Maud, come down a moment, I've got Gladys Cooper in the kitchen!" "Don't come to bed till you're sober," came a muffled voice.

A DRAMATIST RETURNS TO THE STAGE: Mr. John Drinkwater (right) rehearsing the part of Prospero for the production of *The Tempest* which follows *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Regent's Park Open-air Theatre. With him are Miss Margaretta Scott (Miranda) and the producer, Mr. Robert Atkins

NINI THEILADE, the première danseuse, and Leslie French, as Puck, who are playing in Sydney Carroll's open-air presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Regent's Park

HELENA AND DEMETRIUS: Agnes Lauchlan and Jack Carlton in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the Regent's Park open-air stage

A SOCIAL PROBLEM PICTURE: Charlotte Susa in Eric Waschneck's film, *Two Lives*—a recent release at the Cinema House, Oxford Circus

THE D'OYLY CARTE GOLF CIRCLE: Dr. Budd presenting his challenge cup to Mr. Martyn Green, the winner of a recent competition. Left to right—Mr. Darrell Fancourt, Mr. Hugh Jones, Miss Marjorie Eyre, Mr. Leslie Rands, Mr. John Dean, Mr. Martyn Green (receiving the cup), Miss Maisie Baxter, Dr. Budd, Mr. Frederick Hobbs, Sir Henry Lytton, Mr. C. William Morgan, Miss Muriel Dickson, and Mr. Charles Goulding. The finalists were Mr. Martyn Green and Mr. Darrell Fancourt, the former winning by a narrow margin

1575: Panel painting attributed to Marc Gheeraedts. Presented to the Gallery in 1865 by the Governor and Assistants of the Mines Royal, Mineral and Battery Societies

1575: Another panel painting by an unknown artist and purchased from the collection of the Rev. R. Newcombe, Ruthin, Denbighshire, in 1865

1580: Portrait found in a blacksmith's cottage in Sussex and believed to have originally come from Cowdray. Presented in 1930 in accordance with the wishes of Sir Aston Webb

1589: Portrait originally presented to the British Museum by the 11th Earl of Buchan and transferred to the National Portrait Gallery in 1879. The artist is not known

1570: Panel painting of the Queen by an unknown artist, and formerly in the collection of the Earls of Darnley, Cobham Hall, Kent

BY F. ZUCHARO: An early portrait of the Queen showing the same high forehead and beady black eyes which appear in every picture

# 1533=1933

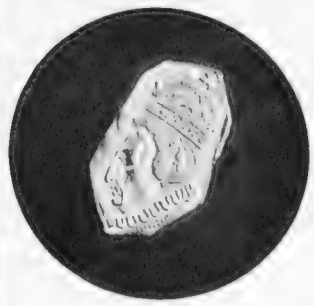
## The Four-Hundredth Anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's Birth

Four hundred years ago—on September 7, 1533—a daughter was born to King Henry VIII and Queen Anne Boleyn. The event occurred at the old Tudor Palace at Greenwich, much favoured as a royal residence on account of its healthy airs. The little princess was duly christened Elizabeth, as was shown recently in colourful fashion at the Greenwich Pageant. Twenty-five years later the little princess was to become Queen, and in process of time, to be one of the most famous figures in English history. There is not a yokel in the countyside who has not some knowledge of Queen Bess.

To celebrate this interesting quatrocentenary the National Portrait Gallery has assembled all its portraits of the Queen into one room. We here give reproductions of some of the more outstanding examples. All the portraits have the same high forehead, pale eyebrows, and beady black eyes.

The appearance of the great Queen is described in very intimate fashion by M. de Maisse, Ambassador from the Court of the French King, Henri IV, who recorded his impressions in an entertaining journal recently published by the Nonesuch Press.

"She was strangely attired in a dress of silver cloth, white and crimson, or silver 'gauze,' as they call it. This dress had slashed sleeves lined with red taffeta, and was girt about with other little sleeves that hung down to the ground, which she was for ever twisting and untwisting. She kept the front of her dress open, and one could see the whole of her bosom, and passing low, and often she would open the front of this robe with her hands as if she was too hot. The collar of the robe was very high, and the lining of the inner part all adorned with little pendants of rubies and pearls, very many, but quite small. She had also a chain of rubies and pearls about her neck. On her head she wore a garland of the same material and beneath it a great reddish-coloured wig, with a great number of spangles of gold and silver, and hanging down over her forehead some pearls, but of no great worth. On either side of her ears hung two great curls of hair, almost down to her shoulders and within the collar of her robe, spangled as the top of her head. Her bosom is somewhat wrinkled but lower down her flesh is exceeding white and delicate, so far as one could see."



ELECTROTYPE OF THE QUEEN from a fragment of a gold piece minted about 1600. It was at one time in the collections of the Earl of Oxford and Horace Walpole

# THE DILLON BEQUESTS

## Now on Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery

BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST: A full-length portrait of Charles I at the age of 11 or 12, painted soon after his installation as Knight of the Garter. This is one of the four portraits bequeathed by the 17th Viscount Dillon and which are now on view at a special commemoration exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery

A MISTRESS OF CHARLES II: Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and her daughter Charlotte Fitzroy. The child, whose father was the King, became engaged to Edward Henry, son of Sir Francis and Lady Elizabeth Lee, when he was only ten years of age. He was at once created Earl of Litchfield, and a portrait of him in later life figured in this year's sale of the remainder of the Dillon collection at Sotheby's

QUEEN ELIZABETH STANDING ON A MAP OF OXFORDSHIRE: Another portrait by an unknown artist painted to commemorate the Queen's visit to Sir Henry Lee at Ditchley on September 20, 1592. There is a three-quarter-length version of this in the Pitti Palace and a head and shoulders' version at Burghley

QUEEN CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA: The Consort of Charles II in the Portuguese costume she wore on arrival in England in 1662. She was the daughter of John, 8th Duke of Braganza, who in 1640 ascended the throne as John IV when the Portuguese liberated themselves from Spanish domination. The portrait is the work of Dirk Stoop

# SPHERE of TRAVEL

MID LOCH AND MOUNTAIN: The rugged hills of Sligachan—a haunt of hill-climbing enthusiasts. The Duke and Duchess of York will probably pass this way during their forthcoming visit to Skye

DATING FROM 400 B.C.: A general view of the newly discovered crannog found at the northern end of Loch Treig. The new railway embankment is seen in the background

## THE TREASURE HOUSE of SKYE

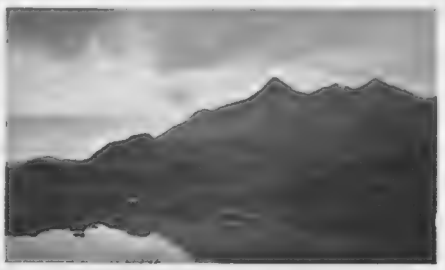
A GILLIE with a member of the celebrated breed of Skye terrier

To anyone intimate with the Isle of Skye the mere mention of its name calls up a pageant of the past associated with great names. St. Columba, James V (after whom Portree, as the "King's Port" is called), Prince Charlie, Flora Macdonald, and Dr. Johnson all pass in procession through the memory. But the history of the island is that of the three clans — Macdonald of Sleat, MacLeod of Dunvegan, and Mackinnon of Strath, who divided its territory. Lord Macdonald, a representative but not the chief of his clan, has his seat at Armadale Castle, a modern building; but Mackinnon, alas! no longer owns any part of Skye.

It is to Dunvegan Castle, the ancient seat of MacLeod, that the Duke and Duchess of York will go for their visit to the "winged island," so "winged" that no part is farther than seven miles from the sea. Landing at Kyle Akin, where stands the shell of Castle Maoil, the fortress of the Mackinnons, the Royal couple will motor on to Broadford, where Dr. Johnson enjoyed hospitality from Mackinnon, the "Man of Corrie." Thence they will travel to Sligachan through the most sublime scenery traversed by any road in Skye. Under the shadow of the great hills, by the shore of lonely sea lochs, through little crofting hamlets, where still are to be found Macdonalds, MacLeods, and Mackinnons, and septs of those clans, the Royal couple will pass before Sligachan is gained.

Sligachan, apart from its scenery, is famous as a centre for mountaineers and for its cunning hill ponies. But this year it has lost its most famous gillie, that fine Highland gentleman, John Mackenzie, mourned by all who delighted in his companionship on the hills.

It is with Trotternish that nearly



THE JAGGED PEAKS OF SKYE: A view of the Cooiln Hills from Glen Sligachan—one of the wildest parts of the island

all the incidents concerning the adventures of Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald are associated. They landed in Kilbride Bay near Monkstadt House; it was in fording the River Hinnisdal that Charles as "Betty Burke," Flora's maid, so shocked everyone to see her "take up her petty coats so high when she entered the water." At Kingsburgh House, of which only the site remains, Prince Charlie—and after him Dr. Johnson—slept; and when the Royal fugitive left it for Portree, he again resumed his female attire. At the inn, Portree, now the Royal Hotel, the Prince parted from his preserver in the most prosaic fashion imaginable.

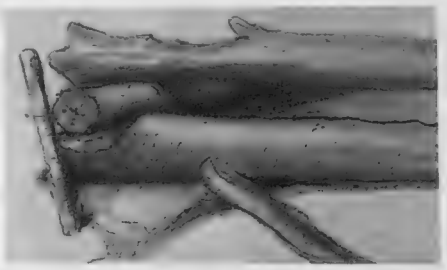
Two miles beyond Kingsburgh are the ruins of the old farmhouse of Peindun, where the famous Flora, who had married Macdonald of Kingsburgh, died. The body of the heroine lay in state in Kingsburgh House for a week, and it is said that "thousands" attended her funeral, with MacArthurs and MacCrimmons, hereditary pipers to MacDonald and MacLeod respectively, to play

(Continued on p. 418)

THE RUINS OF CASTLE MAOIL: The ancient fortress of the Mackinnons—one of Skye's oldest and best known landmarks

## THE CRANNOG at LOCH TREIG

There is something new to see for those travelling over the West Highland section of the L.N.E.R. There is certainly no lack of entrancing glimpses of mountain, moor, or loch from the windows of one's carriage on this most picturesque of lines, but for the historically-minded there is a brand new sight added to the generous list. This is the recently discovered crannog or lake dwelling at the head of Loch Treig. It can clearly be seen from the train as one nears the head of the long, dark loch, the waters of which as readers of THE SPHERE are aware, are now tapped through the great 14-mile tunnel beneath the slopes of Ben Nevis to be harnessed for the Lochaber water-power scheme. An additional supply of water is being fed into the major reservoir from the neighbouring Loch Laggan. The northern end of Loch Treig, to permit of the necessary dam and tunnel works being carried out, was drained, and it was then that the nature of the little islet which sported its



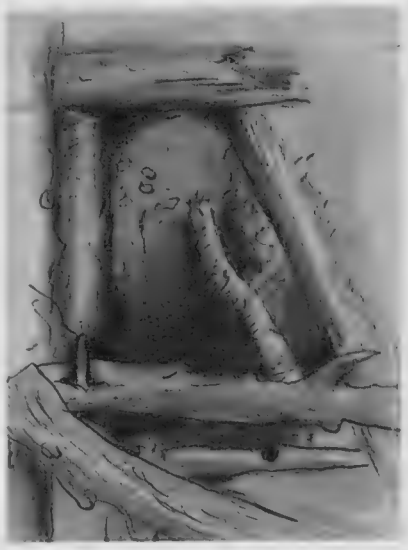
MORTICED AT THE ENDS: How the butts of the great tree trunks were made to lie comfortably together

diminutive larch trees above the water became evident. Here in violent contrast to the very latest efforts of water-power engineering stood an ancient crannog or lake dwelling dating back, as far as present evidence goes, to about 400 B.C. The piles of stones forming the surface of the islet are found to rest on big transverse tree trunks, so placed as to form a kind of raft. The cuttings which have been made into the islet reveal clearly enough the method of construction. The big, oaken trunks have been pierced through, and wooden spikes have been driven through to hold the cross-wise arrangement in place.

The big trunks appear to be in very sound condition and the bark is still on some of the birch poles which appear to have been used as upright stakes for keeping the raft in position. The filling material has the look of a dark peaty soil, the rammed heather darkening rapidly on exposure to the air.

No causeway connecting the islet to the shore has yet been discovered, although considerable search has been made; nor has a kitchen midden been uncovered. It is in such refuse heaps that finds are so frequently made. However, a few objects have been discovered, but nothing so outstanding as the wooden "butcher's tray" recorded in Munro's exhaustive work on Lake Dwellings.

The nature of these prehistoric works was not comprehended until about the middle of the nineteenth century. The clue having once been given, archæologists began discovering and examining lake dwellings and island crannogs in many parts of the British Isles and the Continent. Dowalton in Wigtown, Lagore in County Meath, and Hag's Castle in County Mayo are outstanding examples of those discovered at home.



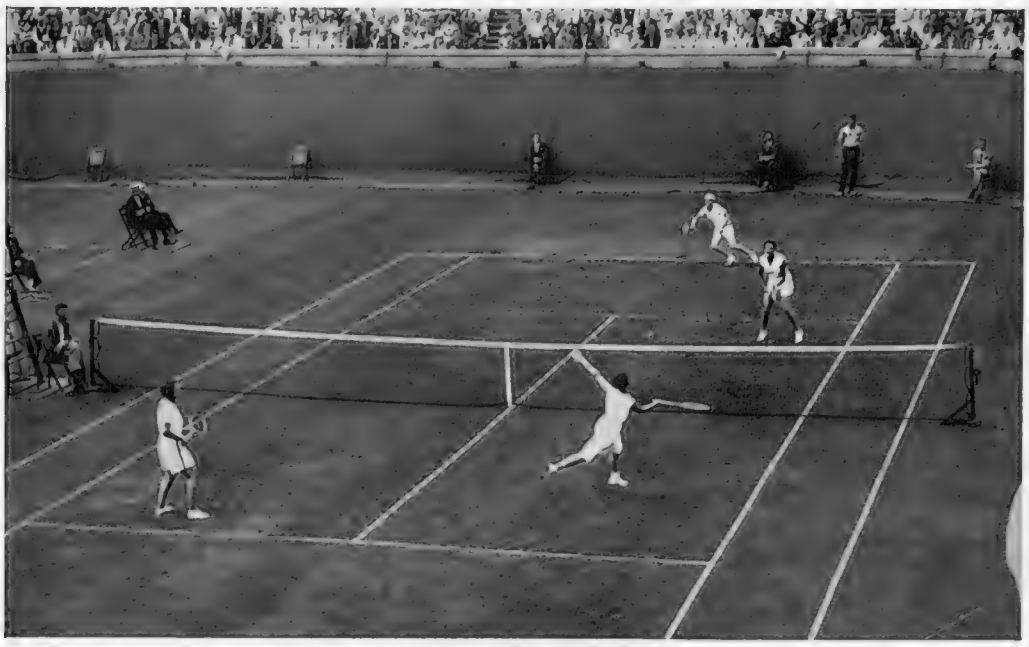
*Drawn by Percy Home*

THE BIG TREE TRUNKS forming the main raft of the crannog were pierced and spiked together

THE WORK WHICH REVEALED THE CRANNOG: The new tunnel works which conduct a supply of water from Loch Laggan to the main reservoir

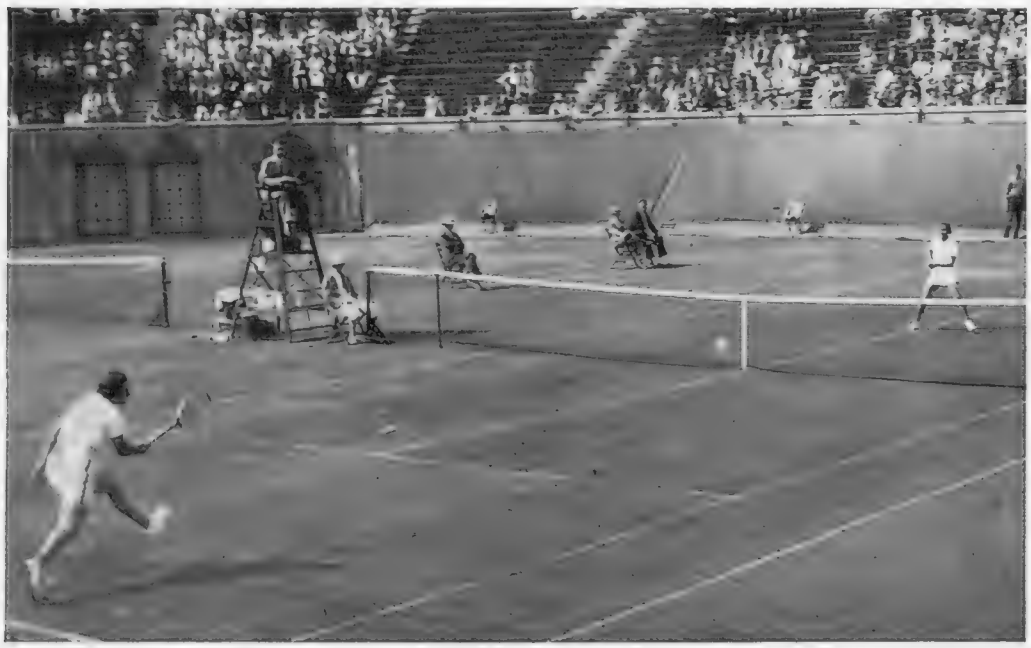
# AMERICA'S "WIMBLEDON"

## Sensational Tennis in the U.S. Women's Championships



A WIN FOR BRITAIN: Miss Betty Nuthall and Miss Freda James (background) defeating Miss Helen Jacobs and Miss Sarah Palfrey in the semi-final of the U.S. National Doubles Championships at Forest Hills. The British pair won by 6—4, 4—6, 7—5. In the final round they won the event as a result of the withdrawal of Mrs. Moody

A CHAMPION OF TWO SEASONS: Miss Helen Jacobs who retained the American championship with a surprising but fully deserved win over Mrs. Moody. The world champion retired when being badly outpointed



MISS HELEN JACOBS (foreground) defeating Miss Dorothy Round in the semi-final of the singles. The English girl won the second set at 7—5, but in the final stages was outplayed by the champion

THE DUDLEY STAR: Miss Dorothy Round in action during her game with Miss Helen Jacobs

SHORTS v. SKIRTS: Mrs. Helen Wills Moody and Miss Ryan (foreground) playing Miss Dorothy Round and Miss Mary Heeley (in shorts) in the semi-final of the doubles. The American pair, although slower about the court, dominated the game throughout and won easily by 6—2, 7—5

MRS. MOODY, who was finally defeated by her fellow Californian, Miss Jacobs, seen with Miss Mary Heeley before the start of their quarter-final encounter

# PERSONALITIES

STIRLING MANNEQUINS: Mrs. J. Paul (organizer), Miss M. Steele-Maitland, and Miss B. Chapman, disporting some of the latest fashion creations at the Stirling Fête

AT THE STIRLING FÊTE: Left to right—Miss Ainsle Martin, Miss M. Spencer Nairn, Miss M. Stirling, Miss J. Thompson, Miss E. Hodge, and Miss H. Cayzer

ENGAGED: Lord Burgh and his fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Vincent. The couple are at present staying at Northcourt, Isle of Wight, which has been taken for the holiday months by Miss Vincent's father

EX-QUEEN HELEN OF RUMANIA (hand to face) chatting with one of the actors during her recent tour of a film studio at Shepperton. She watched the entire process of making a talkie

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS: Mr. T. A. Lightner, New York lawyer and bridge partner of Mr. Ely Culbertson, with Mrs. Mary P. Smith to whom he became engaged last week

THE INCOMPARABLE JOSEPHINE BAKER arriving at Croydon last week. She is appearing in London in several of her famous Continental roles

TO EXPLORE THE PERUVIAN ANDES: Miss Doris Stafford, who left for South America last week where she is to search for new species of rock plants

MISS SHARP who has just been appointed "Domestic Supervisor" of laundries, kitchens, needlerooms, etc., in all L.C.C Hospitals and Institutions

SEÑORITAS CELIA AND MAROUKA MALBRAN: A new and unpublished portrait group of the daughters of H.E. the Argentine Ambassador

"ANNA MAC WONG": The famous Chinese film star, who is now appearing in Glasgow, seen wearing her Scottish kilt

# INFORMAL WOOLLIES FOR AUTUMN DAYS

## Colour Contrasts and Unusual Necklines Give a Piquant Air to Clothes that are Essentially Practical and Pleasant to Wear

For golf and for real country wear nothing seriously rivals a well-cut jacket of soft suède. Impervious to wind and rain, they are very light, they allow complete freedom of movement, and they are made in velvety colours that insidiously flatter the complexion. The admirable zipp fastened model at the head of this page comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W. It is trimly belted and snugly collared, and is made in several excellent shades. The price is 70s. and it has a washable leather collar and leather-bound pockets. The skirt with which it is worn is of over-checked tweed with a rather bright coloured knot in the surface, and here again the range and combinations of colour are particularly effective. Costing only 30s. it has four triangular motifs at the waist and is shaped by gores which break the pattern and create an illusion of slenderness. The matching wool cardigan and jumper worn by the seated figure cost 15s. each. Deep basques at the waist make them fit perfectly, and the charming lace stitch is emphasized by the clear colours in which these garments are made

Rather more formal in character, the dress and suit on the right would be equally at home in a town or in the country. A deep wine shade is chosen for the dress, which is of light-weight wool woven with a faint ribbing. The wide cape collar drops to a point at the back and forms a yoke, and the diagonal lines of the corsage and hip-yoke give it the new waistcoat effect which will be a feature of the coming season. A suède belt and bow in grey, chartreuse, and wine complete an admirable ensemble, the price of which is 9⅓ guineas. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W., together with the knitted suit on the right. This is of sapphire blue with a beige yoke, belt, and cuffs. Chevron patterned chromium buttons adorn the front of the coat, and one holds in place the cravat scarf which softens the high neckline. This outfit costs only 6 guineas, black and white being an alternative colour scheme. Whenever suits or coats are worn scarves will play an important part. Of wool, velvet, or taffetas, they are worn bunched up with the ends neatly tucked away

THE END OF A TWO YEARS' JOB: The work of widening Putney Bridge is now completed. The tram lines have been transferred from the sides to the centre of the carriage-way

IN ANOTHER ROLE: Miss Rita Cooper, the well-known actress, is acting as racing mechanic to Mr. Adrian Conan Doyle, who will attack several records with his 12-cylinder Delage

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MOBILE TELESCOPE mounted on a car so that it can be run to areas of favourable atmospheric conditions, has just been completed by Mr. S. M. Stoody of California

A RECORD ATTEMPT: Mr. Nicholas Boonin, ex-cavalry officer of the Cossacks Regiment, with the car in which he is attempting to reach Calcutta in record time

# THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)*

## Radio Sets for the Car—The 1934 Singer, Morris, and Alvis Programmes—The Circuit at Donington Park—Overcharging at a Thames-side Hotel

As mentioned in these notes on more than one occasion, the new 1934 programmes show that easy gear changing will be a feature on practically every car turned out from now onwards. Sometimes the epicyclic gear box, as introduced by Armstrong Siddeley, Daimler, etc., has been adopted, sometimes a synchro-mesh type of gear box, as used by Rolls-Royce, Vauxhall, etc., and sometimes the free-wheel is employed, in order to give the driver the advantage of silent gear changing. At the moment it is difficult to prophesy which of the three types will become most common or whether it will be a combination of some two. Another very significant departure which shows which way the wind is blowing is the fitting of aerials in the roofs of certain cars so that the fitting of a wireless set may be made easier. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the radio manufacturers are now scrambling to produce motor-car sets. At the moment the only one that I know is actually obtainable and have heard working satisfactorily is the Philco, which has long passed the experimental stage. At the present moment it would seem that the owner of a car cannot have a radio set fitted under £25. Years ago I remember when electrical engine starters first came in it cost fully that sum to have one fitted. All of a sudden they were found in the standard specification of every motor car built, so before long I feel equally certain that a radio set will not be listed as an extra.

In the technical press there has been much discussion as to whether wireless on a car is detrimental to good driving. Some say that such a distraction is a definite danger, whilst others assert that it is quite safe as the driver merely hears and does not listen. My own view is that both sides are right, as it is quite impossible to lay down the law in one direction or the other. If it were true that no driver could pilot a car with safety with a radio set working inside, then I think we should have to add to the laws of the country and make talking, even on the part of passengers, illegal when riding in a car. The truth of the matter is that the effect varies with the individual. I feel certain that the great majority of motorists are like myself inasmuch as I can join in a conversation whilst driving without taking my mind off the road ahead. Still, I know some drivers who definitely become dangerous the moment they are spoken to when behind the wheel. Whilst referring to conversation in a car I am not alluding to the speaker or the listener who must through necessity or force of habit turn his or her head when speaking or being spoken to. Individuals of that kind, and they are met with far too frequently for my liking, are always a danger.

Coming back now to the 1934 programmes these have been appearing almost every day, in fact the ordinary motorist must be completely confused as to what manufacturers really are doing for the new year. The Singer range has not been greatly altered over that which did duty for 1933. The 9 h.p. model is retained, likewise the 12 h.p., both of which have 4-cylinder engines. There is a sports edition of the former and a special 1,500 cc. 6-cylinder sports car is included. Then there is the 14-h.p., the two-litre, and the silent Six model, all with 6-cylinder engines. On all models, except when starting from rest, there is no necessity to touch the clutch when changing gear. This easy change is effected by means of a special permanently in-mesh gear box working in conjunction with a free wheel.

All the de luxe models have the latest Lucas device known as the Pedomatic control. This is a development of their Startix engine starting device which made its appearance last year. With its assistance the driver has not the need to operate anything with his hands, for should the engine stop accidentally, pressing down the accelerator pedal makes the engine burst into life. Various other additions and improvements have been made in the several models which should make Singers even more popular than ever.

The Morris programme, as might be imagined, is full of interest. Perhaps the most interesting announcement is the arrival of a new Morris Ten-Six. Prices have hardened slightly, but most of the models are actually better value for money than ever before. All the well-known cars are still included and great improvements have been effected. The Wolseley range for 1934 includes an entirely new 9-h.p. car fitted with a 4-cylinder engine. This new car is definitely low-priced, and at the same time is pleasing in appearance and has a good performance. The manufacturers of Wolseleys are giving their customers every opportunity of trying the various easy gear-change devices. The new Nine is fitted with a four-speed synchro-mesh gear box, the Sixteen includes a free wheel and an automatic clutch in its specification, so that Wolseley owners, should they have one of each of these models, will be in a very good position to come to a conclusion as to which device or combination of devices is most satisfactory for the object of effecting simple silent gear changes.

The Alvis programme consists of three models—the Speed Twenty, the Firefly Twelve, and the Crested Eagle. The Alvis has long been looked upon as a quality car, and from the specification it should certainly remain in this category during the new season. The last-named model is fitted with a Wilson pre-selective four-speed gear box. No alarming changes have been made to these three models which have done so well during the past year.

A 1934 MODEL 1½-LITRE SINGER OPEN TOURER outside the main gateway of Moor Park, Rickmansworth. The Singer range for the coming year is reviewed in the accompanying article

I recently paid a visit to Donington Park and saw the circuit being used for car races. It seems to be generally believed that Brooklands does not look with favour on this new venture, and would not in any case take kindly to any new track or road circuit which might be opened. As I can speak with some authority on the matter, I would like to make it quite clear that exactly the reverse is the case. Provided any new motor racecourse is not close enough to Weybridge to interfere, and provided that Brooklands' long-established race dates have not to be shared with anyone else offering the same type of programme, the Brooklands authorities are only too pleased to see other ventures come along and to give them any assistance or advice that is requested.

Donington Park is a most attractive place, and I think that the course is quite suitable for experienced drivers on small cars, but I am not at all convinced that as laid out at present it is the best place for really fast motor cars to compete. The beginnings of most ventures that matter are usually accompanied by troubles and tribulations, but those in authority at Donington appear to be having more than their fair share. Ill-luck has dogged them and they have been unfortunate enough to have more than one fatality. As was natural the opening of Donington as a car race course brought into being quite a number of new drivers. Some of these, I am afraid, are not quite so experienced or so careful as they might be, and the troubles which now beset this new venture will rapidly diminish in number once the erratic driver is weeded out.

Recently I have been patronizing quite a number of hotels throughout the country, and I have noticed that the general standard of attention, food, and prices has improved from the visitors' point of view. I have had meals in at least ten or a dozen hotels during August, and only on one occasion was I really annoyed as a result of a visit. This took place at quite a well-known house of call close to the Thames. The hotel was not by any means up to Savoy standard, yet a charge of 2s. was made for a single gin and tonic water taken during dinner. Such extortion is quite inexcusable and is difficult to understand.

# Pre-sent THIRSTS . . !

whether you feel like a Whisky and Soda, Gin and Tonic, a Tonic Water, a Ginger Ale, a Lemonade, a Palätо (Sparkling Orange) or one of the two new Fruit Drinks — Sparkling Lemon or Sparkling Grape Fruit.

## — *therefore* Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

# RUSSIA'S AIR FORCE

*(Continued from p. 400)*

The Germans, according to their own figures, entered the War with 218 aeroplanes of all kinds. When the Armistice was signed, November 11, 1918, they had 5,000 'planes on the front, about 9,000 in reserve and on home training stations, and between 5,000 and 6,000 completed, or partly completed, in their factories. There were 33,000 motors. There were eight aircraft works in Germany when the War began, and there were fifty-three when it ended. An army of 100,000 men was employed directly and indirectly in Germany in the production of aircraft for war purposes. German 'planes dropped about 1,000,000 bombs. I am giving their own figures. And I want to emphasize again that this was fifteen years ago.

Under the stern conditions of Article IV of the Armistice the Germans were compelled to deliver to the Allies 2,000 'planes on the front. Hundreds were abandoned in the retreat of the German armies. Later, under the Versailles Peace Treaty, Germany was forced to surrender a large number, and to demolish about 14,000 'planes and close on 28,000 aero motors.

In the light of these figures the Russian air programme of 8,000 'planes and 21,000 motors is not at all fantastic for a modern aircraft industry of a large nation. How far the aircraft industry of Russia can now be called "modern" and up to date in equipment and trained personnel, and how long it would take it to complete such a programme, is another question. Russians delight in big figures. There is a touch of American psychology in this. Whether it is the Five Year Plan, or any other large undertaking, the Soviet Government for reasons of its own sets a high aim.

Russia's air programme for 1932 called for 913 new aeroplanes of all categories. The Russian claim that this programme was carried out in full is corroborated by foreign aircraft engineers and technicians employed in Russia, but whose names cannot be given. The present Air Force of Russia, military and civil, including reserves and training ships, is placed around 3,000 'planes, making it one of the largest in Europe. The programme for a Red War Fleet of the Air of 8,000 'planes was approved by the Labour and Defence Council. Of this number 2,000 are to be multi-engined bombers. It might be mentioned that the United States has about 8,000 registered 'planes of all types, civil and military.

Following a National Flying Day last month, a portion of the Russian Press declared that Russia must train 200,000 pilots—a formidable army of winged agents of death.

Soviet Russia has fourteen main plants in its aircraft industry where aircraft, aero motors, accessories, and parts are being made. Under the War Aviation Industry mobilization plan, the productive capacity of some of these is to be greatly increased by means of enlargement, and new plants to be added. They are located at Moscow, Leningrad, Taganrog, Charkow, Rybinsk, Zaporoshie, Nijni-Novgorod, Voronesch, Perm, and other points.

Russia is in a fair way of becoming, next to America, the largest Air Power in the world. One may think what one wishes of the Soviet regime, but it must be admitted that the masters of Russia have vision and no illusions about eternal peace.

# THE WORLD'S LARGEST SLATE MINE

*(Continued from p. 406)*

The men who work granite can do a smash-and-grab act. The slate-getters have to be distinctly delicate. It is no good smashing slate. You cannot do anything with the broken bits as you can with granite. As each block is removed the original trench, of course, becomes wider and wider until the whole slab of exposed rock has been rent out at the desired thickness (about 2 ft.). Then they start all over again. Usually they do about three of these blocks a day, which involves moving them all the way up to the "mills" where their partners turn them immediately into complete slates.

Anxious to see this done we went up to the surface again by the way we came, and it was strange how positively hot and muggy the open air seemed after our long sojourn underground. In the mills the men were all working hard (I may say that this mine employs 650 men all told), and if anyone can show me anything more fascinating than a skilled Welsh slatemaker splitting slate I would like to see it. When the block arrives it is at once set upon. The splitter knows to a fraction of an inch where to put his "plug and feathers," as they call the iron instrument used to cause the first split. He gives two preliminary taps with his hammer, and then a hard knock and the huge block splits perfectly. Further splitting of this sort continues until the lesser blocks have become perhaps 2 in. thick and 30 in. long by 25 in. wide. At this stage a wide chisel is used. Two taps and the slate comes apart like cheese cut with a string and just as smoothly. There are men who can split an inch of slate into sixteen sections, and by machinery it has been divided into layers only 1/32nd of an inch wide. I was shown some of these very thin ones, and they bend like tempered steel. Considering that slate is rock I cannot expect you to believe it unless you see it. But the curve is as great as that of any long saw, and it will bend both ways to an astonishing degree before it finally is compelled to snap. At the moment, I am told, the Imperial Research Institute is having a high old time "cooking" this very thin slate. By subjecting it to an intense heat they make it swell like a sponge. The completed result is exactly like pumice, and it floats in the water. Having got this far the chemists are wondering what use they can make of their discovery.

One of the chief objections to slates for roofing is that they are ugly. That is a matter of opinion. Some people think that the blue-grey slate would be much more attractive than the gaudy pink and red tiles you see on modern villas. Despite the enormous outburst of building in this country, the slate trade has been diminishing fairly fast. Jerry-builders naturally do not want to put everlasting roofs on houses that they do not expect to stand up to the British climate for more than twenty years. You might have thought that the L.C.C., with all its slum clearance plans, would have increased its orders for Welsh slate. The contrary is the case. They have just reduced the proportion to tiles from 45 per cent. to 25 per cent. No doubt they think that the calm, grey, almost classical line of the tiles would make the garish brickwork underneath look more garish still. And they would be right. Yet it is a pity that one of Great Britain's oldest industries should be allowed to go into a decline largely because its products are so lasting and unpretentious. But that is the way of the modern world, isn't it?

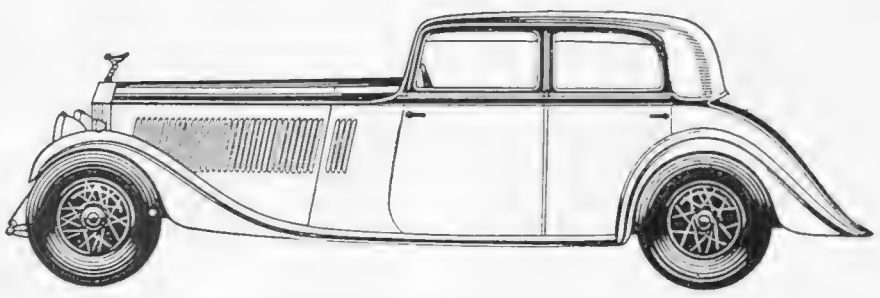
# THE TREASURE HOUSE OF SKYE

*(Continued from p. 412)*

coronachs over her grave. She is buried in Kilmuir Churchyard, where a Celtic cross marks her last resting place.

To Dunvegan Castle and its tales, its chiefs and its treasures, only a few words can be allotted. The landward approach to the modern entrance lies through beautiful woods—non-existent in the time of Dr. Johnson, one of its famous visitors. The oldest parts of the castle are the keep and the sea gate. There is the Fairy Tower with the Fairy Room in which both Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott slept; there is a dungeon, 13 ft. deep, the lower four feet cut out of the solid rock.

Of the three chief relics, the most famous is the Fairy Flag, regarding the origin of which there are three legends. All that can be said of the flag here is that it is endowed with power to succour Clan McLeod on three occasions only—when it is waved, and twice its power has been thus invoked. The second heirloom is the drinking horn of Rory Mor, a famous chief of the clan, and it was expected that each chief should drain this at one draught. The third treasure is the Dunvegan Cup, a quadrangular vessel of Irish origin, made of dark wood covered with filigree silver. M. E. M. D.



40/50 H.P. CONTINENTAL MODEL

"I must record my impression that it is out and away the most docile, unobtrusive and easily-controlled vehicle that I have ever driven. As a matter of fact it is very hard to find words suitable to describe the way in which this car performs. It swims, it floats, it glides in the traffic which one must penetrate in order to get out into the wider and more open roads. Once arrived there it readily shows that it has two sides to its nature. That which was a lissom fairy of utmost delicacy, now, upon the request of its driver, becomes a giant. I have mentioned its unparalleled smoothness and noiselessness first, because these to my mind are the more surprising aspect of what one is tempted to think an engineering miracle."—*Polo Monthly June 1933*

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Rolls-Royce have some excellent reconditioned and guaranteed Rolls-Royce cars for disposal at moderate prices

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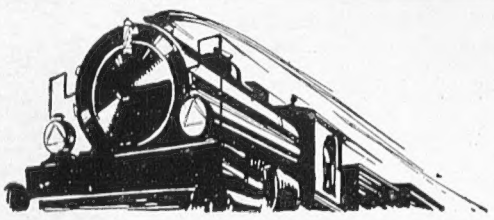
# Welcome to ITALY



## SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS IN RAILWAY FARES.

Railway fares have been radically reduced for all foreign tourists as well as Italians living abroad. Round trip tickets for single travellers have been reduced 50 %; for groups of 25 persons, 70 %. These reductions apply throughout Italy excepting in certain cities to which a greater reduction is allowed. Tickets are valid for 30 days, and break of journey is allowed anywhere without formality, and travellers may leave Italy by any frontier station they choose. There is also a reduction of 30 % on circular tour tickets. These special rates are accorded only to persons staying at least 6 days in Italy.

***For information: E.N.I.T.—16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1.***

Tickets may be obtained at frontier stations and at Tourist Agencies on presentation of passport.

## ROME

Recent excavations have brought to light new marvels of the three great civilisations of Rome . . . . flanking the fine new road in the centre of the city (Via dell'Impero), they offer a magnificent spectacle . . . . then, too, it is Holy Year . . . . there is the Fascist Exhibition to see . . . . the International Polo Meeting (October 15–November 15). There are Railway reductions of 70 % (reduced fares also extended to Naples) . . . . Delightful excursions to the Roman Castles—Lago di Nemi, Tivoli (Villa d'Este), Ostia (the Roman Lido).

***For Information: E.N.I.T., 2, Via Marghera, Rome, Italy.***

## NAPLES

**The Partenopean Islands:** Capri, Ischia and Procida.
**The Sorrentine Peninsula.**

Artistic, Historic and Natural Treasures.

**The Vesuvius district**—Pompei (new motor road from Naples)—Herculaneum.

The Festival of Madonna di Piedigrotta.

Railway Fare Reductions of 50% from September 1 to October 16. (Reduction of 70% to holders of special tickets to Rome for the Fascist Exhibition).

*Further information from the Comitato Provinciale Turistico in Nables and Salerno.*

## PIEDMONT

**TURIN** Visit this attractive city and see the most notable of all Christian relics, the Holy Shroud, which will be shown in the cathedral of San Giovanni from September 23 to October 15.

The International University Sports Meeting—The second Fashion Show (October 16–October 31).

***Reduced Railway Fares.***

The Piedmontese Alps. Smiling valleys (of Aosta, Ossola, Sesia, Formazza) dominated by the highest peaks of Europe—Mont Blanc, Gran Paradiso, Monte Rosa and Cervino. Some of the tourist resorts and climbing centres are:—Courmayeur, Cogne, Gressoney, Valtournanche. Historic castles: Issogne, Fenis, Sarre, Castel Pavone.

Touring Car Service—the wonderful circuit of Mont Blanc.

## LOMBARDY—MILAN

Historic Monuments: The Cathedral, St. Ambrogio, the Sforza Castle, the Certosa of Pavia.

Special motor roads connect Milan with the Italian Lakes—Maggiore, Varese, Como, Garda (Milan—Bergamo—Brescia), also with Turin.

FIFTH TRIENNIAL EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE ART AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

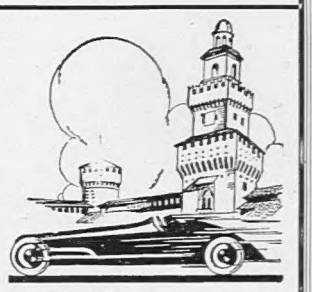
Symphony concerts at the Exhibition (Saturdays and Sundays), and Vocal concerts at the Palace of the Exhibition (September). Trotting and Horse Races at San Siro (August and September).

MONZA, September 10—The Monza Grand Prix.

The Eleventh Grand Prix of Italy.

International Speed Contests for Motor Cars.

Railway fare reductions of 70% to Milan until September 30.



## TUSCANY

If you are an art lover, or are interested in folklore, or simply wish a refreshing rest, visit Tuscany, one of the world's beauty spots . . . Florence, Siena, Pisa, Lucca, Montecatini, the famous Italian Spa; Viareggio, Forte dei Marmi and Pietrasanta; the vast beach of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Railway fares have been reduced by 50 per cent.

International Musical Festival in Florence—Spring of 1934.

***For information: Movimento dei Forestieri, Florence.***

**UMBRIA** A verdant countryside with romantic castles and historic hill towns . . . Perugia—with its renowned university (special courses for foreigners) . . . tranquil Assisi—where the sanctuary of St. Francis stands . . . easily reached by railway from Terontola on the Florence–Rome line.

## GOLF AND TENNIS

**Golf.**—Carezza al Lago (Karersee): Carezza Cup and the Italian Golf Federation Cup. Menaggio: Italian Championship September 18. Cernobbio: Autumn Meeting (September 30–October 7). Rapallo: Amateur Tournament (October 14–22). Turin: Autumn Tournament (October 8–29).

**Tennis.**—Lido–Venice: 5th International Tournament. Cernobbio: Villa d'Este Cup (September 20). Bolzano: International Tournament (September 25). Merano: 13th International Tournament (September 27–October 7).

## THE HEALTH-GIVING SPAS

Mineral springs for all treatments—Radio-active water and mud baths—Hot grottoes—Bathing pools—Hydrotherapy—Kinesitherapy—Physical culture under medical supervision.

Excellent hotel accommodation and service.

Salsomaggiore—Montecatini—Chianciano—San Pellegrino—Fiuggi—Acqui—Abano—Levico—St. Vincent—Agnano.

50 % reduction on railway fares for foreign travellers up to October 31st. Tickets are valid 60 days. These special rates are accorded only to persons staying at least 6 days in Italy.

## ITALIAN LAKES

*Delightful for an Autumn Holiday*

Vast azure mirrors reflecting stately alpine peaks . . . Como—Maggiore—Garda—Varese—Orta—Iseo—Idro . . . in Autumn the lakes are at their loveliest . . . hotels and pensions to suit every purse. Swimming, motor-boating, tennis, golf, horse races—all sports.

Railway fare reduction of 50% to Como and stations on the Lecco–Colico Railway.

## JULIAN VENETIA

Majestic mountains sweeping down to lovely shores . . . Trieste—Fiume—Pola—Zara . . . the smart beaches of Abbazia—Laurano—Lussino—Brioni—Grado—Portorose (Trieste) . . . the polo ground and golf links of fashionable Brioni . . . the historic battlefields of Carso near Gorizia . . . motor services from Gorizia to Trieste and from Trieste to the battlefields—the magical grottoes of Postumia stretch for miles—Julian Venetia is a fascinating region—take advantage of the low railway fares reduced 50 per cent. until September 30.

## FERRARA

A notable exhibition of paintings of the Ferrara School of the 15th Century in commemoration of the 4th Centenary of the death of Ludovico Ariosto.

Railway reduction of 50% until October 31.

## *For a perfect holiday in North Italy*

**MERANO**
**The DOLOMITES**
**GARDONE**
**(Lake Garda)**
**VENICE-LIDO**

Moderate prices officially controlled. Everywhere Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Sun-bathing and every kind of sport.

Regular motor-coach service of the S.A.D. in the whole region—reduction in railway fares from every frontier station.

Information, prospectuses, hotel lists, maps, time-tables gratis from: UTA, Merano, North Italy, or any Tourist Agency.

Società Automobilistica Dolomiti
Paid-up Capital, Lire 4,000,000

## S. A. D.

Head Office: Cortina d'Ampezzo. 75,000 passengers in 1932; 100 motor-coaches.

## MERANO (1,000 ft.)

Fashionable resort. September–November for the Grape cure. Casino—English Church and Library, Aerial railways.

***Information: Azienda di Cura, Merano.***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **PALACE HOTEL** | 180 beds, Pens. from Lire 55 (17/-) | **H. ESPLANADE** | 150 beds, Pens. from Lire 35 (11/-) |
| **PARC HOTEL** | 180 beds, Pens. from Lire 55 (17/-) | **H. MINERVA** | 70 beds, Pens. from Lire 35 (11/-) |

## VENICE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **H. ROYAL DANIELI** | World renowned. Pens. from Lire 60 (19/-) | **H. REGINA** | Family Hotel on the Grand Canal. Pens. from Lire 40 (12/6) |
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## GARDONE (Lake Garda)

| | |
|---|---|
| **GRAND HOTEL** | 300 beds, Pens. from Lire 45 (14/-) |
| **SAVOY PALACE H.** | 200 beds, Pens. from Lire 45 (14/-) |

***For information, advice and general assistance in planning a visit, illustrated and printed matter, etc.:***

**ITALIAN STATE TOURIST DEPARTMENT (E.N.I.T.), 16, WATERLOO PLACE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1**

BORGHI—MILAN

## PERPETUAL PRESERVATION

### The Potentialities of the Digby Process

Perhaps the greatest regret of the archæologist is that so little documentary evidence survives from the various periods in which he is interested. Indeed the question of how men lived and spoke 1,000 or 2,000 years ago is one that most of us long to have answered fully. But alas! the processes of time have reduced many all-revealing documents to nothingness and we must perforce remain for ever in ignorance on matters of the utmost historical import. To-day our paper and ink will perish even faster than the papyrus, vellum, and parchment of centuries ago, and maybe in another 1000 years the historian will be as much at a loss as he is to-day.

Only one method of perpetual preservation of documents can be conceived, and that is by the imprinting of one incorrodable metal on the surface of another. In the accompanying column we publish an illustration showing the first completely imperishable sheet that has ever been prepared from an historic document. This has been carried out by the Digby process of imprinting to the order of the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke has been quick to appreciate what this method means, and has employed it in order to perpetuate the link between his family and the Plantagenet dynasty. This plate records the benefactions of Countess Margaret to the Abbey of St. Albans, and is a page from a medieval volume in the British Museum.

It may be explained that the sheet, which is no thicker than good quality paper, primarily consists of gold. On this a highly polished surface of platinum is superimposed, and above this are finally imprinted the illustrations in matt platinum.

This ingenious process besides providing a result that is impervious to corroding influences is also outstandingly decorative—a factor which should do much to ensure its employment on an extended scale.

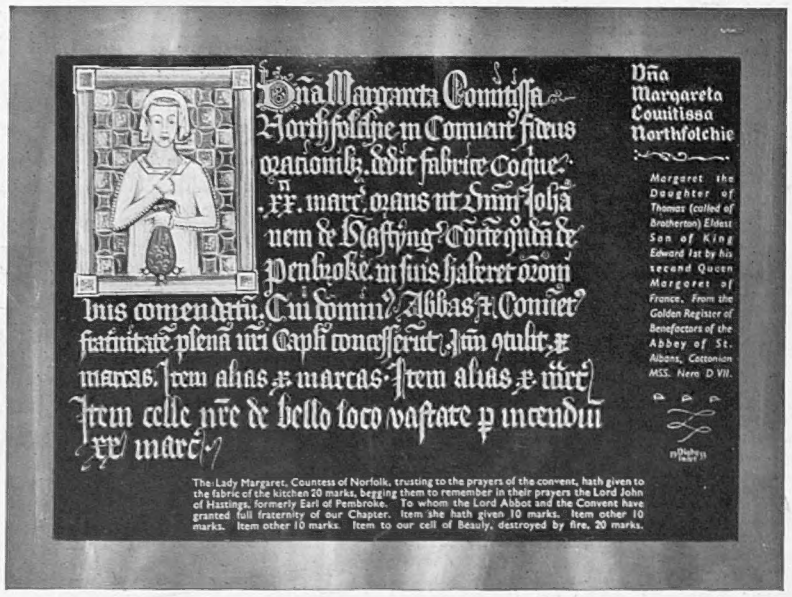
There is no doubt that this means of perpetuation has tremendous potentialities, and that if we of the twentieth century could make use of it and hand on to those generations still to be born an intimate picture of our present civilization, we should be doing a service which would earn both their gratitude and respect. The late James Elroy Flecker dedicated some of his most inspiring lines "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence." It may be, now, that his message will be read by one for whom it was intended.

# NOTES and NEWS

## THE LEAGUE OF MERCY

### Gymkhana at Membury

The League of Mercy, which was founded by King Edward and which has done such wonderful work during the past thirty years in support of hospitals, will hold a gymkhana at Membury, Ramsbury, Wilts, on Wednesday, September 13, when there will be a special exhibition of lawn tennis by International players. Among those who have consented to come are Mrs. Whittingstall, Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss Freda James, Miss M. C. Scriven, Mr. H. W. Austin, Dr. J. C. Gregory, Mr. V. G. Kirby, Mr. H. F. David, Mr. J. W. Nuthall, and Mr. P. D. B. Spence. The matches will be played between three and six in the afternoon. In the morning there will be pony jumping, hunter jumping, a handy hunter competition and a Gretna Green race, while in the afternoon, and before the tennis, there will be a tug-of-war, and several other events. Admission will be 2s. 6d. (adults), 1s. 6d. (children), and 2s. 6d. (motor cars). The gates will be opened at 10 a.m. and the gymkhana will begin at eleven. The organization work has been in the hands of the Wiltshire District Lady President, Mrs. Woolland.




THE DIGBY PROCESS: The imperishable and fadeless portrait of the Countess Margaret, granddaughter of Edward I, which the Duke of Norfolk has had made from the *Book of Benefactors of the Abbey of St. Albans* in the British Museum. The replica is in brightly polished platinum laid on a paper-thin sheet of gold

## Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

At the Paris offices of *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sphere*, *The Sketch*, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *Britannia and Eve*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French, Belgian, Swiss, and Italian business) at 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII$^{e}$, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are in urgent need of help for the maintenance of the 1,100 children in their various Homes and the Training Ship *Arethusa*. There is no finer work than that of training young children to become useful men and women. They are the coming generation. Will readers of THE SPHERE kindly help the Society in this great work by sending donations to the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London. W.C.2.

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FOR THE WORLD'S
BEST CIGARETTES
STATE EXPRESS
555 25 for 1/8
333 25 for 1/3
333 are luxury cigarettes at an everyday price. Also available in packing of
20 for 1/-

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter.

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

ANTWERP GRAND HOTEL DE LONDRES
Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates.
Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers. Noted for its restaurant and wines.

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# THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

| | |
|---|---|
| Aberdeen | The Caledonian Hotel |
| Aberystwyth | Hotel Victoria |
| Do. | Lion Royal Hotel |
| Do. | "Deva" Private Hotel |
| Alnwick | White Swan Hotel |
| Alton | Swan Hotel |
| Anglesey | Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay |
| Ashford | Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel |
| Aylesbury | Crown Hotel |
| Banbury | White Lion Hotel |
| Bangor (N. Wales) | Castle Hotel |
| Bangor (Co. Down) | Royal Hotel |
| Barmouth | Marine Hotel |
| Barnstaple | Waverley Hotel |
| Barrow-in-Furness | Furness Abbey Hotel |
| Bath | Bath Spa Hotel |
| Do. | Grand Pump Room Hotel |
| Do. | Empire Hotel |
| Bembridge, I.O.W. | Birdham Hotel |
| Bettws-y-Coed | Waterloo Hotel |
| Bexley, Kent | The Rising Sun Inn |
| Blackpool | Empire Private Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Metropole |
| Blairgowrie | Sharpe's Temperance Hotel |
| Blandford, Dorset | Crown Hotel |
| Bognor Regis | Walton House, Walton Avenue |
| Do. | Gresham Hotel |
| Do. | Arlington Private Hotel |
| Boroughbridge | Three Arrows Hotel |
| Bournemouth | Branksome Tower Hotel |
| Do. | Branksome Dene Hotel |
| Do. | Boscombe Dene |
| Do. | Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff |
| Do. | Carlton Hotel |
| Do. | Cotford Hall Private Hotel |
| Do. | Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff |
| Do. | The Haven Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Walmer |
| Do. | The Imperial Hotel |
| Do. | Marina House Private Hotel |
| Do. | Osborne Priory Hotel |
| Do. | Westminster Hall Hotel |
| Bowness-on-Windermere | Rigg's Crown Hotel |
| Box Hill | Burford Bridge Hotel |
| Bradford-on-Avon | Old Court Hotel |
| Bridge of Allan | Allan Water Hotel |
| Brighton | Belvidere Mansions Hotel |
| Do. | Hollywood Hotel |
| Do. | Old Ship Hotel |
| Broadway | Lygon Arms Hotel |
| Bromley Hill, Kent | Bromley Hill Court Hotel |
| Brora | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Sutherland Arms Hotel |
| Bude | Falcon Hotel |
| Do. | Grenville Hotel |
| Budleigh Salterton | Rosemullion Hotel |
| Buxton | The Bedford Hotel |
| Do. | The Old Hall Hotel |
| Carrigart (Co. Donegal) | The Rosapenna Hotel |
| Catterick | The Bridge House Hotel |
| Chagford | Moor Park Hotel |
| Cheddar | Cliff Hotel |
| Cheltenham | Ellenborough Hotel |
| Do. | Plough Hotel |
| Do. | Pyatt's Hotel |
| Chester | Queen's Hotel |
| Cirencester | King's Head Hotel |
| Do. | Wellesley House Hotel |
| Cliftonville | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Grosvenor Court Hotel |
| Do. | Kingscliffe Hotel |
| Coniston | Raeburn Hotel |
| Cork | Imperial Hotel |
| Criccieth | Caerwylan Private Hotel |
| Do. | Lion Hotel |
| Cromer | The Grand Hotel |
| Cromford, Matlock | Greyhound Hotel |
| Dalkey (Co. Dublin) | Cliff Castle Hotel |
| Dawlish | Sefton Hotel |
| Derby | Friary Hotel |
| Do. | Midland Hotel |
| Do. | York Hotel |
| Dornoch | Sutherland Arms Hotel |
| Droitwich Spa | Impney Hotel |
| Do. | Raven Hotel |
| Dublin | Central Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Hibernian Hotel |
| Do. | Shelbourne Hotel |
| Dumfries | County Hotel |
| Dundee | Mather's Hotel |
| Dunkeld | Birnam Hotel |
| Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) | Ross's Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Marine Hotel |
| Eastbourne | "Donnington," Enys Road |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Southdown Hotel |
| Do. | The Chatsworth Hotel |
| Do. | York House Hotel |
| Edinburgh | Caledonian Hotel |
| Do. | Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel |
| Do. | Roxburghe Hotel |
| Do. | Royal British Hotel |
| Elie | Marine Hotel |
| Falmouth | Falmouth Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Hotel |
| Folkestone | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Queen's Hotel |
| Fowey | Fowey Hotel |
| Do. | St. Catherine's Hotel |
| Glasgow | Central Hotel |
| Do. | George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street |
| Do. | St. Enoch Hotel |
| Gleneagles | Gleneagles Hotel |
| Glengarriff (Cork) | Golf Links Hotel |
| Gloucester | New Inn Hotel |
| Do. | Wellington Hotel |
| Do. | Spread Eagle |
| Do. | The Midland and Royal Hotel |
| Goathland | Goathland Hydro Hotel |
| Golspie | Sutherland Arms Hotel |
| Gorleston-on-Sea | The Pier Hotel |
| Greenock | Tontive Hotel |
| Gt. Malvern | Hardwicke Hotel |
| Greystones (Co. Wicklow) | Grand Hotel |
| Guernsey | Richmond Hotel |
| Guildford | Shalford Park Hotel |
| Gullane | Bisset's Hotel |
| Hailsham | Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club |
| Halifax | White Swan Hotel |
| Harrogate | Cairn Hydropathic Hotel |
| Do. | Crown Hotel |
| Do. | Granby Hotel |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Harrogate Hydro Hotel |
| Do. | Majestic Hotel |
| Do. | Wellington Hotel |
| Hastings | Queen's Hotel |
| Heathfield | Heathfield Hotel |
| Henley-on-Thames | Imperial Hotel |
| Hereford | Green Dragon Hotel |
| Hindhead | Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel |
| Horns Cross | Hoops Inn |
| Hove | Courtlands Hotel |
| Do. | St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel |
| Hull | White House Hotel |
| Do. | Grosvenor Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Hythe | Sutherland House Hotel |
| Ilfracombe | Crescent Hotel |
| Instow (N. Devon) | Instow Private Hotel |
| Inverness | Station Hotel |
| Kenilworth | Arden House Hotel |
| Keswick | County Hotel |
| Do. | Keswick Hotel |
| Do. | The Borrowdale Hotel |
| Do. | Skiddaw Hotel |
| Do. | Queen's Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Oak Hotel |
| Kingstown (Co. Dublin) | Ross's Hotel |
| Kingussie | Star Hotel |
| Kyle of Lochalsh | Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve |
| Leamington Spa | Alkerton House Private Hotel |
| Do. | Crown Hotel |
| Do. | Maisonette Private Hotel |
| Leeds | Queen's Hotel |
| Leeming Lane | Newton House Hotel |
| Letchworth | The People's House |
| Lewes | The Shelleys Hotel |
| Lincoln | Grand Hotel |
| Littlehampton | Southlands Hotel |
| Liverpool | Adelphi Hotel |
| Do. | Exchange Hotel |
| Llandudno | Empire Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Loch Awe, Argyllshire | Loch Awe Hotel |
| London | Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1 |
| Do. | Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2 |
| Do. | Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7 |
| Do. | Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2 |
| Do. | Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2 |
| Do. | Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5 |
| Do. | Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens |
| Do. | Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1 |
| Do. | Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1 |
| Do. | Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W. |
| Do. | Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1 |
| Do. | Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1 |
| Do. | New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2 |
| Do. | Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1 |
| Do. | Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W. |
| Do. | Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1 |
| Do. | Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5 |
| Do. | South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7 |
| Do. | Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1 |
| Do. | Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3 |
| Do. | "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2 |
| Do. | West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1 |
| Do. | Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1 |
| Lossiemouth | Stotfield Hotel |
| Lowestoft | Esplanade Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Lundin Links, Fife | Lundin Links Hotel |
| Lyme Regis | Alexandra Hotel |
| Do. | Pitt House Hotel |
| Do. | Stile House Hotel |
| Do. | The Bay Hotel |
| Lytham | Clifton Hotel |
| Maidenhead | Skindles Hotel |
| Do. | Dumb Bell Hotel |
| Maidstone | Royal Star Hotel |
| Manchester | Midland Hotel |
| Mansfield, Notts | Midland Hotel |
| Matlock | Rockside Hydro |
| Minehead | Kingsway Private Hotel |
| Moretonhampstead | Manor House Hotel |
| Morthoe | Watersmeet Hotel |
| Newnham-on-Severn | Victoria Hotel |
| Newquay | Atlantic Hotel |
| Do. | St. Rumon's Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Victoria |
| North Berwick | Marine Hotel |
| Northampton | Stag's Head Hotel |
| Nottingham | The County Hotel |
| Do. | The George Hotel |
| Oban | Great Western Hotel |
| Do. | Station Hotel |
| Oxford | Randolph Hotel |
| Paignton | Paignton Palace Hotel |
| Do. | Paignton Hydro |
| Do. | Redcliffe Hotel |
| Penmaenmawr | Grand Hotel |
| Penrith | Ullswater Hotel |
| Perth | Station Hotel |
| Petersfield | Fern Bank Private Hotel |
| Portheawl | Esplanade Hotel |
| Do. | Seabank Hotel |
| Ramsey, I.O.M. | Hotel Britannia |
| Reeth, Richmond | Arkleside Private Hotel |
| Richmond (Surrey) | Richmond Hill Hotel |
| Richmond (Yorks) | The King's Head Hotel |
| Ripon | Unicorn Hotel |
| Rostrevor (Co. Down) | Great Northern Hotel |
| Rumbling Bridge | Rumbling Bridge Hotel |
| St. Andrews | Atholl Hotel |
| St. Anne's-on-Sea | Grand Hotel |
| St. Ives | Tregenna Castle Hotel |
| St. Leonards-on-Sea | Alexandra Hotel |
| Do. | Eversfield Hotel |
| St. Neots | Bridge Hotel |
| Do. | New Inn Hotel |
| Salisbury | Angel Hotel |
| Do. | Old George Hotel |
| Do. | The White Hart Hotel |
| Sandown, I.W. | Royal Cliff Hotel |
| Scarborough | Manor Private Hotel |
| Do. | Pavilion Hotel |
| Seaton | Royal Clarence Hotel |
| Sevenoaks | Heathfield Private Hotel |
| Do. | "Top o' the Hill" |
| Shaldon (S. Devon) | Dunmore Hotel |
| Shanklin | Channel View Hotel |
| Sheffield | Albany Hotel |
| Do. | Angel Hotel |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Sidmouth | Belmont Hotel |
| Do. | Fortfield Hotel |
| Do. | Torbay View Hotel |
| Do. | Victoria Hotel |
| Southbourne, Bournemouth | Grange Hotel |
| Do. | "Aberdalgie" |
| Southport | Prince of Wales Hotel |
| Do. | Parry's Waverley Hotel |
| Southsea | Gladstone Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Beach Hotel |
| Southwold | The Swan Hotel |
| Staines | Pack Horse Hotel |
| Stranraer | King's Arms Hotel |
| Stratford-on-Avon | Arden Hotel |
| Stroud | The Bear Inn |
| Do. | Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud |
| Sunbury-on-Thames | Sunbury Lodge |
| Sunderland | Palatine Hotel |
| Surbiton | Oakenshaw, Oak Hill |
| Taunton | Castle Hotel |
| Teignmouth | Beach Hotel |
| Do. | Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon |
| Templecombe | Templecombe House Hotel |
| Tewkesbury | The Bell Hotel |
| Thurlestone (S. Devon) | Rock House Private Hotel |
| Do. | Thurlestone Hotel |
| Tintern | Beaufort Arms Hotel |
| Torquay | Allerdale Hotel |
| Do. | Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe |
| Do. | Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe |
| Do. | Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd. |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Haldon Manor Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Hennapyn |
| Do. | Links Htl, Babbacombe |
| Do. | Livermead Cliff Hotel |
| Do. | Osborne Hotel |
| Do. | Palace Hotel |
| Do. | Palm Court Hotel |
| Do. | Roslin Hall Hotel |
| Do. | The Sandringham Private Hotel |
| Do. | The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain |
| Do. | Victoria & Albert Hotel |
| Do. | White House Hotel |
| Troon | Marine Hotel |
| Tunbridge Wells | Earl's Court Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel |
| Ullapool | Royal Hotel |
| Uxbridge | Brookfield Hotel |
| Ventnor | Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence |
| Do. | Royal Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Marine Hotel |
| Waltham Cross | Theobalds Park Hotel |
| Warwick | Lord Leycester Hotel |
| Wellington, Som. | Shapland's Hotel |
| Westcliff-on-Sea | Westcliff Hotel |
| West Hartlepool | Birks Station Hotel |
| Weston-s.-Mare | Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd. |
| Do. | Crosby Hall Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Pier Hotel |
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